

The TATLER

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London, March 9, 1932

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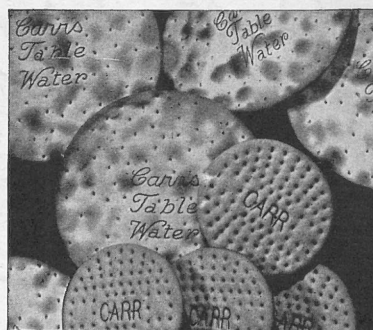
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The TATLER

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Price One Shilling



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND HER SONS PATRICK AND CHRISTOPHER

Yevonae, Victoria Street

The most recent indoor portrait of the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Westminster and the wife of Major W. Filmer-Sankey, the Master of the South Notts hounds and famous both as a first-class man over Aintree or anywhere else, and at one time in the 1st Life Guards' polo team. Major and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey were married in 1924, and Patrick, the elder son, was born in 1925, and his brother in 1928. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey has been hunting more or less recently with her home pack, the Cheshire

THE LETTERS OF EVE



OVER THE FIRST ONE! THE SEVEN SPRINGS 'CHASE AT CHELTENHAM

An excellent picture of the big field jumping the first one in the Seven Springs 'Chase at Cheltenham to which they come down a slight incline. Mr. Jock Whitney's Thomond II (T. Cullinan) won it. Unfortunately there were a good many casualties, in one of which Mr. Fawcus (Grakle's) jockey in the National) was rather badly ironed out and forbidden to ride in the next race, the National Hunt 'Chase, in which by the same token Mr. Whitney's hot favourite, Dusty Foot, was beaten by Major Noel Furlong's Leicestershire hunter, Robin-a-Tiptoe (Mr. F. Furlong), the owner being the breeder of both the horse and the "jockey"

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR,—Half the people I meet, especially those with débutante daughters to produce, are moaning that there won't be very much entertaining this season. But I wonder. There doesn't seem to be any marked slackening off yet awhile. Parties may be smaller, of course, and haddock and sausages may replace the time-honoured salmon and quail. But otherwise things seem to go on much the same, with plenty to look back upon in the past and plenty to look forward to in the future. Mrs. Adeane, Mrs. James Ismay, and Mrs. Geoffrey Head are all giving parties before very long.

But to go back to the past. The joint dance which Lady Buxton and Lady Delia Peel gave in Eaton Square a few nights ago was a very gay affair. Mostly for the very young, of course, but interesting just because of that. There's no doubt that this season's batch of buds is going to be well up to standard if not super-standard. Two girls dressed in white were the first to catch my eye. One was Lady Rose McDonnell and the other was Miss Ann Charteris, whose pearl earrings and short wind-swept hair were an unusual but intriguing combination. Lady Winchilsea's daughter, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, looked very lovely in a dark brown velvet frock, and among the others I noticed Miss Brenda Pearson, Miss Mary Peel, and Miss Pamela Dawney.



AT THE BOYS' CLUBS CABARET DANCE: LADY DOROTHY ASHLEY-COOPER AND LORD IVOR CHURCHILL

Pictures of the dinner in connection with the London Federation of Boys' Clubs appear on p. 400. It was held at the May Fair Hotel. This Federation is doing wonderful work. Lord Ivor Churchill is the Duke of Marlborough's son, and Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper is Lord Shaftesbury's daughter

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Elwes, who gave a small musical party the other night, have very special talents for entertaining. First, they know just who to ask and how to strike the right note. And secondly, they have an ideal house to which to ask their guests. For Mr. Elwes is a very clever decorator with a particular passion for the Regency period, and likes to make his own house beautiful as well as other people's. And not only talents but opportunities, for this gifted family includes also the good-looking portrait painter, Simon; Clara, who is a clever amateur actress as well as being a beauty; and Margaret, who sings quite beautifully.

It was Miss Margaret Elwes who enchanted us all with her singing the other night. Among the "all" being such well-known devotees of music as Mrs. Saxton Noble, Lord Blanesborough, Miss Eleanor Brougham, Miss Olga Lynn, and Mrs. Fred Lawson. They all voted it a perfect evening. And they are certainly good judges. And one of the best things of the evening, because it was spontaneous, was provided by Mr. Goodheart Rendle. Suddenly, when it was quite late, he started to play the piano. And so well that the party started all over again.

Another person to give a small party just recently was Lord David Cecil. It was at the house in Edwardes Square, which he bought a little time ago when he left Oxford, where he had been for some years

a don at Wadham College. You remember how he covered himself with literary glory by writing that life of the poet Cowper, which was awarded the most sought-after of the annual literary prizes. Incidentally, Lord David was chairman of the big literary luncheon which was given at Grosvenor House the other day, and he did his part splendidly. Among the many notabilities who attended it were Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Evan and Lady Dorothy Charteris, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Dr. Sloan Chesser, and Lady Desborough.

What with bals masqués, ice carnivals, and other entertainments in the cause of charity, Grosvenor House has been kept pretty busy and very full this last week or so. It was Lady Glenconner who gave away the prizes at the ice carnival, and she looked quite enchanting, I thought, in a scarlet velvet dress with a severely military-looking gold coatee. Her husband was chairman of the carnival, and had provided the band. But as he is still away in New York on business, Lady Glenconner was left to grapple with the situation and be host as well as hostess. Among her party were the James Becks, Captain Osbert and Lady Joan Peake and Miss Catherine Fordham.

Of another entertainment, also at Grosvenor House, which I did not attend myself, I have just been given a somewhat jaundiced account by a friend. But I rather gather that that is because she is now suffering from 'flu. She writes: "We sat for two hours watching an entertainment depicting the Drama through the Ages. After the drama had groped its way through the Dark Ages it eventually took a short cut via Shakespeare to Marie Antoinette. And she was the signal for a gavotte." However, she was kind enough to admire the grace and beauty of the dancers, who included Lady Anne and Lady Diana Wellesley and Miss Diane Chamberlain. And to appreciate Lady Anne Hope as a cheerful member of a wailing Greek chorus, and her mother, Lady Linlithgow, who looked very handsome as a Muse and recited a poem with real dramatic effect.



HATLESS!—AND IN HYDE PARK

Miss Rosamond Hornby was snapped without a hat on a recent bitter day, but luckily Sir Walter Gilbey was not there—and she was on foot! She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hornby of Shelley House, Chelsea



FRED EARP (EX-HUNTSMAN) AND LADY HARRINGTON

Fred Earp was huntsman to the Harrington hounds for twenty-three seasons in the late Lord Harrington's father's time. This interesting picture of him with the present Master was taken when these hounds met at Bramcote Hills

The Sunday of last week had quite a number of distractions to break our usual Sabbath dullness. In the afternoon the Film Society showed us *Mädchen in Uniform*, a film about a girls' school, which I am afraid will never find its way into our cinema palaces. And that is a pity, for it is very moving, most beautifully cast and acted, and almost perfectly photographed and produced. And it was produced by a woman, and there is not a single man in the whole film. By the way, while I am on the subject, don't miss the German production *Kameradschaft*, at the Academy this week—that is if you like to have a reputation for knowing and seeing what is best in the cinema.

In the evening we had the choice between the performance of the Carmago Society, which is doing so much to keep ballet alive in England, and Captain Buckmaster's cabaret dinner at the May Fair for his beloved Boys' Clubs. Some people came on late from the other, but I was one of the many who turned up punctually at half-past seven at the May Fair. There were probably not quite so many of us as there were last year, but roughly I should think there were about three hundred. After an extremely good dinner we danced. And in the intervals of dancing we just laughed. For with Gillie Potter being as funny as he knows how, Florence Desmond taking off all the people we know so well, and Tom Webster doing caricatures, what else could we do?



AT THE OXFORD UNION PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE

The Union had two distinguished visitors, the Right Hon. Lord Ponsonby and the Right Hon. Lord Allen of Hurtwood, who spoke for and against the motion before the "House," which was: "That His Majesty's Government has the confidence of this House." It was moved by Mr. F. N. Bucher, ex-secretary of the Union (Oriental), and opposed by Mr. J. C. Smuts, the Librarian (University Coll.). The names in this interesting group, left to right, are: The Right Hon. Lord Ponsonby (Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords), Mr. A. J. Irvine (President of the Union), Mr. Brian Davidson, the Right Hon. Lord Allen of Hurtwood (sometime Chairman of the I.L.P.), Mr. H. Z. A. Kabir, and Prince L. Lieven (Junior Treasurer)

J. R. N. Johnson

Half the loveliest women in London were there. And nearly all of them in backless dresses. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, who wore a cape over her pink dress, was one of the very few exceptions. The biggest party in the room was Captain and Mrs. Buckmaster's, and there were some very pretty women in it. But I think the prettiest of all was Lady Moira Combe, who is doing her hair in a new way. It is windswept, but so very flat to her head that it suggests one of those new kinds of wooden mannequins. And the effect is quite bewitching.

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

Other decorative people were Lady Milbanke, dressed in black, who was in a party which included Lord Sefton, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Lady Alington, who had also chosen a black dress, Mrs. Oliver Hoare, and Mrs. Peter Thursby. Mrs. Thursby, who was dining *tête-à-tête* with her husband, was in ruby velvet, which was very becoming to her dark, almost



Poole, Dublin

AT THE WARD UNION POINT-TO-POINT: THE HON. MERVYN PATRICK WINGFIELD AND MISS MOLLY MORROUGH-RYAN

The Hon. Mervyn Wingfield is Lord Powerscourt's only son, and Miss Morrough-Ryan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morrough-Ryan of Dunboyne Castle, Co. Meath. The whole of the Ward country is in South Meath, and great fun this famous pack of staggers shows over it. The Meath foxhounds and the Ward live in the closest amity! Mr. Justice Wylie is the Master and rides most unprofessionally hard!

southern, beauty. Mrs. Hoare, who is also dark and beautiful, was wearing white in which she always looks her best. I am glad she has recovered so well from her nasty attack of 'flu. Other people I noticed with parties were the Geoffrey Gilbeys, Lord Inverclyde, and the Scarsdales.

Cheltenham's star meeting of the year was the great sporting event of last week, and those who didn't make a whole job of it by going west to stay in the neighbourhood made at least one day of it by train from London. And that was of course on Wednesday for the National Hunt 'Chase, when the place was literally packed. But all the faithful ones were there for the beginning on Tuesday, when it was so cold that we hardly knew what to do with ourselves beyond hugging the braziers. Almost the only person who seemed impervious to it was Miss Dorothy Paget. But as she won two races, including the Gold Cup, it was hardly to be wondered at.

Wednesday surprised us by being almost hot in comparison. Women were discarding their fur coats and appearing in all the glory of their new Spring tweeds. And the car picnics were decidedly more alfresco than the day before. The sun shone brightly, the visibility was perfect, the racing very exciting, and the Prince was there. So the people who had made really long journeys

had nothing to regret. Among these were Lord and Lady Blandford, who came down by train from London with Miss Diana Fellowes, and decided to repeat the process on the following day.

Most of the women were in bright colours, the most vivid of all being the red in which Mrs. Tony Bellville was enveloped. Her new son, by the way, is to be called Jeremy, which is rather a nice match for his sister, Belinda. The two Lygon sisters, Lady Sibell and Lady Mary, and Lady Dorothea Ashley Cooper were among the pretty girls to be seen. And among the smartest of the married women were Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Lady Kimberley, Mrs. Sheffield, whom we remember best as Mrs. Glen Kidston, Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, and Mrs. Arthur Crichton. I saw, too, Mr. Jock Whitney and his wife, who are over from America. He doesn't have too much luck in the big races, his hot favourite, Dusty Foot, being just beaten in the big race on Wednesday. And as for the National, think of Easter Hero and now Sir Lindsay.

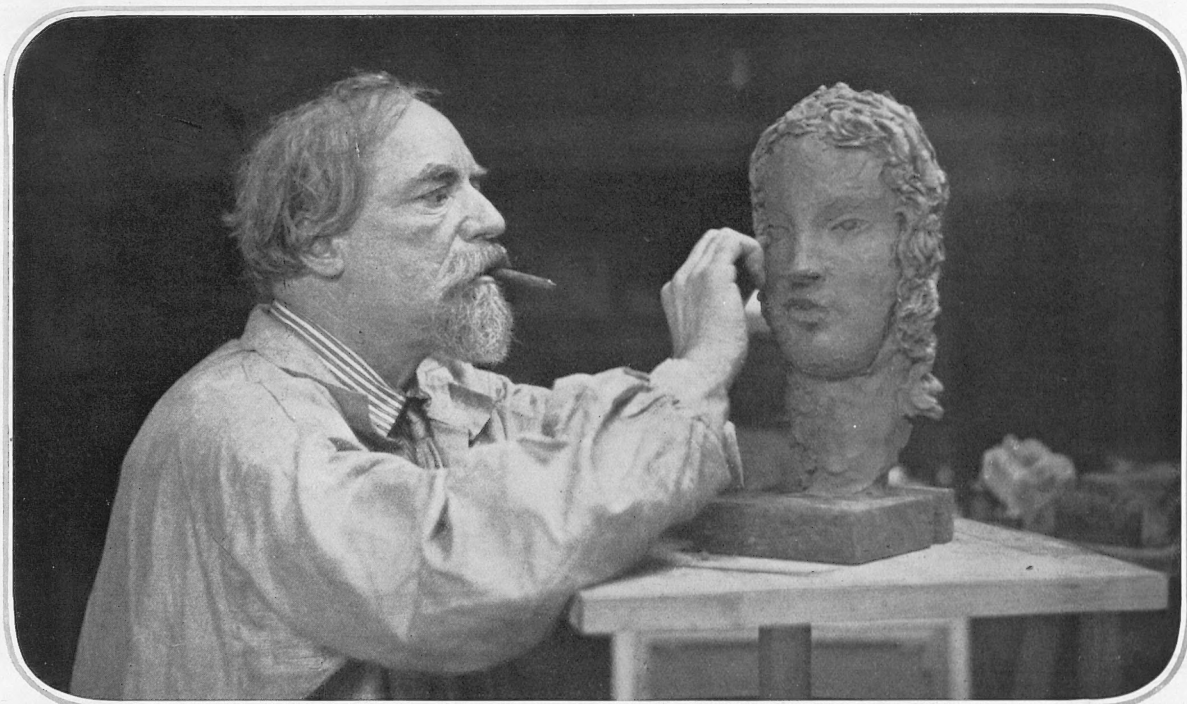
Committee meetings are notoriously dull as a rule, but the one given at Lady Anglesey's house the other day was an exception. Although we all met quite early in the morning there was quite a "party" atmosphere in the air, and so many attractive people about that business, for once, became a pleasure! We were there to discuss the forthcoming production of *The Miracle*, Mr. Cochran having nobly offered all the takings of the second night to Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Lady Anglesey, in the chair, made a charming little speech, and the good work of booking the seats went with a swing. No wonder, for Lady Alexandra Metcalfe made a most energetic vice-chairman, helped by Lady Lavery, picturesque as ever, in a purple velvet turn-out, and Mrs. Elinor Glyn, ageless and beautiful in a superb pink coat and a small black velvet hat. Other business-like but charmingly-dressed people there included Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, Mrs. Edwin Montague, Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, and Mrs. Simon Rodney, whose chic and high spirits always ensure the success of any undertaking!



ENGAGED: MR. HARRY HOHLER AND MISS MONA VALENTINE PIRIE

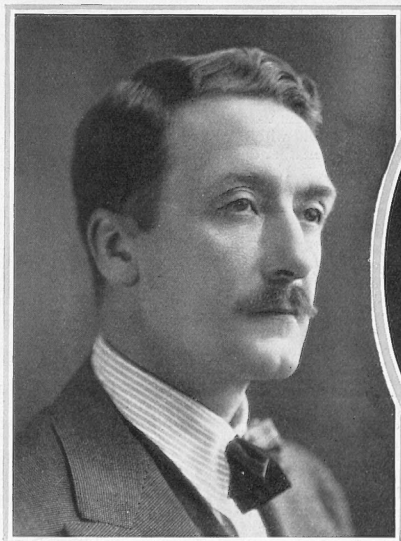
The announcement was made only a short time ago. Mr. Hohler is in the Grenadiers and is a son of Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Hohler, and his bride-to-be is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Pirie

Another charity entertainment which should make a big appeal is the afternoon of ballet at the Savoy next Friday afternoon in aid of King's College Hospital. For it is being arranged by that exquisite and supreme dancer, Madame Tamara Karsavina, and Anton Dolin and the pupils from her school are helping her. The programme includes *Le Spectre de La Rose*, parts of the *Casse Noisette*, for which Grace Lovat Fraser has designed the dresses, and a new ballet called *The Infanta's Birthday*. For this Miss Betty Lutyns, the daughter of our great architect, has done the music, Rex Whistler the costumes, and Miss Penelope Spence the choreography.—Yours ever, EVE.



THE PARENTAL TOUCH: AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., LENDS A HAND TO HIS DAUGHTER'S WORK

Thea Struy.



SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN

Lanfuzette



MRS. RUPERT GRAYSON

Stage Photo Co.



LADY SUSAN SEYMOUR

Duranty Wilding

At the top of this page Mr. Augustus John, R.A., is seen putting the finishing touches to a head modelled by his daughter, Vivian, whose sculpture he considers very promising. The famous portrait painter takes the greatest interest in the activities of his large family, and he was at the ring-side when his son, Teddy John, made his début as a professional boxer at Croydon last August. The latter has also inherited artistic talent and studied painting in Paris. Sir Iain Colquhoun is the new Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He and his wife go into residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse on May 16. Lady Colquhoun is a cousin of Lord Glenconner. Mrs. Rupert Grayson, who has lately joined the swelling throng of Society dressmakers, is the wife of the well-known publisher and author. Her husband has another book coming out shortly. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grayson are very keen about flying. Lady Susan Seymour, the twenty-year old only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, is to be presented this season. The Duke succeeded to the title last May. He commanded the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in the European War and also served in the South African campaign.

The Cinema : At the New Gallery By JAMES AGATE

I SHALL try to set down as accurately as my memory will permit what happened in the film called *Forbidden* at the New Gallery, and if readers find it difficult to believe, I must ask them to accept the statement that I am not spoofing. The film began with a young lady called Lulu Smith (Miss Barbara Stanwyck), who as assistant in a library wore spectacles, and was apparently devoid of sex-appeal. But she had saved 1,200 dollars, and when her fortnight's vacation came round, decided to blue the lot in a trip to Havana. On the steamer she went down to dinner attired like Greta Garbo out to kill, but nobody took any notice. So she went back to her cabin and found sprawling on the bed and in a state of semi-intoxication the middle-aged Robert Grover (Mr. Adolphe Menjou). Grover apologised, and presently Lulu said she liked him quite a lot, and the two went down to dinner. Then the holiday came to an end, Grover went back to his lawyer's office, and Lulu took employment in a newspaper office where in a short time a husky, gum-chewing editor called Holland, very well acted by somebody whose name I did not gather, fell in love with her. But Lulu would not marry him because she liked Grover more. But Grover could not marry Lulu because there was a Mrs. Grover, a charming lady who had been crippled in a motor accident due to Grover's bad driving. It was about Christmas time, and so Grover called on Lulu to say that the old year was one thing but the new another, that he was really very much attached to Mrs. Grover, and that Lulu couldn't expect summer holidays to last for ever. So Lulu slammed the door in his face and went to the hospital to have her baby, to which she gave the name of Roberta while calling herself Jane Doe and declining to give the name of the father. Then she vanished.

But not so successfully as the cream of Mr. Pond, since Grover, after a couple of years' search, found her, and in the act of giving Roberta her bath. So they carried on as before, until Holland, who the reader will remember was the editor of a newspaper, one day came across the trio seated on a rockery near a pool of lilies, whereupon Lulu sprang the story upon her former editor that she was just the governess tending the baby at a house which Mr. Grover chanced to be visiting. Whereupon the editor said: "Oh, yeah!" because there are no other words in an American film-editor's vocabulary. But he believed the story all the same. Then the bright idea occurred to Grover of trying the story on his wife who was in Europe getting uncrippled. So when Mrs. Grover, returning next day from Europe, got home, she found Roberta installed complete, with governess, the child, by the way, having been instructed to drop its childish habit of saying mammy and daddy and to call its mother Lulu and, presumably, its father Mr. Grover. Roberta, who was now getting on for three, had no difficulty at all with this and never made a slip. But Lulu being asked by Mrs. Grover for a reference said this was the first time she had been a governess. "But you know about children?" pursued Mrs. Grover reasonably enough. "Perhaps you have had one yourself?" Whereupon Lulu walked straight out of the house. Mrs. Grover engaged another nurse for her husband's

adopted baby, and Mr. Grover and Lulu spent the rest of the evening on a form in a New York park in the pouring rain. Then Mr. Grover stood for the Governorship of Ill., Mass., or Pa., whereupon Lulu, fearing that Holland, who was still editing, had tumbled to Mr. Grover's private life and was going to spill the beans, walked into Holland's office and said she would marry him. By this time Holland, who had an unexplained feud with Mr. Grover, began to think that, there was really something doing, and having employed an army of sleuths he at last came to the conclusion that the trio playing about the rockery had been one family. This flashed upon him as he was devouring steak at home opposite Lulu palely mum. For proof he produced the letter which Mr. Grover had written to Lulu on her wedding-day, a letter in which that lawyer had been careful to incriminate himself up to the hilt. Lulu

denied nothing, so Holland rang up his paper and told them to hold everything, and particularly the front page, until he got down to the office with the story of State Governor And Editor's Wife. Whereupon Lulu produced a revolver and said: "No you don't!" and, Holland putting the dining-room door between them, shot him through the right panel in the left kidney and was pardoned, after serving twelve months of her sentence, by the State Governor on his death-bed! But before dying Governor Grover wrote one other document besides the pardon, a document in which he left to Lulu in her capacity as mistress and murderess one half of his fortune. Then he died, and Lulu wandering into the street crumpled up Governor Grover's bequest and deposited it in one of those street-receptacles which are not letter-boxes. This was a gesture, but it didn't seem to me to matter what she did with the document as it was neither dated nor witnessed.

Now it remains to be said that this appalling bosh was extremely well acted by Miss Stanwyck, about whose seriousness there is always a gleam of fun, and by Mr. Menjou, whose fun is now becoming tinged with, if not immersed in, Cimmerian gloom. But wasn't there once a film in which Mr. Menjou, being deposited in a coffin, the bearers went away carrying the shell with them and leaving Mr. Menjou on the ground, after which he retrieved his silk hat and went on love-making as before? That, it seems to me, is Mr. Menjou's real line, and

not this tedious drivel, which ends by shoving him in a coffin and leaving him there for good. I have called this film appalling bosh, and so it is. But should I have thought it such bosh, and should I have been so appalled by it if I had not come straight from the Old Bailey watching a bigamy case, a real-life case in which a man had obviously been in love with two women? This was the case in which, as widely reported in the newspapers, the wise and humane Judge, upon the production of fresh evidence, remitted in the afternoon the sentence he had passed in the morning. It is often said that truth is stranger than fiction. But when will film-magnates realize that it is at least twenty times more exciting than the preposterous extravaganzas with which they seek to regale us? Will they ever realise this? The answer, I think, is never. Well, hardly ever.



M. ADOLPHE MENJOU AND MR. MANETTA AT ELSTREE

An in-between-scenes snapshot whilst "Diamond Cut Diamond" was being made by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company at Elstree. Mr. Manetta, the famous manager of the Savoy Grill, has been "lent" to M.G.M. for this film to play the part of a head-waiter, Adolphe Menjou playing the lead. Adolphe Menjou of course played a head-waiter's part in "Service for Ladies," and is here seen keeping his hand in. Other celebrities in the cast are Miss Benita Hume and Mr. Claude Allister

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Future Brides and a Lovely Bud



Lenore

ENGAGED: MISS BARBARA HASTINGS

Among the people who featured in last week's engagement list is very attractive Miss Barbara Hastings, who is to marry Mr. Hugh Quennell of 14, Little Grosvenor Street. Her father, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., a brilliant legal light, was Attorney-General in the first Labour Government. He has also made his mark as a dramatist, his "Scotch Mist," in which Tallulah Bankhead played the lead, having a certain success at the St. Martin's in 1926.

The engagement of the Earl of Warwick to Miss Margaret Whigham, which is to be officially announced this week, has aroused tremendous interest. From the moment that Mr. and Mrs. George Hay Whigham's daughter came out in 1930 she achieved instant popularity by reason of her beauty, and her entertaining personality. Miss Whigham has lately been in Egypt with her parents, and her fiancé was also a member of the party. Lord Warwick, who is just twenty-one, is in the Grenadier Guards. He succeeded to the title in 1928.

It had long been predicted that when Miss Penelope Dudley Ward was launched on the social seas she would create a stir. Now that she has officially made her debut, at a dance given for her and Miss Penelope Chetwode, by Emerald Lady Cunard, this prophecy has been fully justified. Not only is Mrs. Dudley Ward's daughter most agreeable to look at, but she also has that enviable quality—charm.



Bassano

THE FUTURE LADY WARWICK: MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM



Lenore

THE PRETTIEST DÉBUTANTE? MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD



WITH THE MIDDLETON AT GARROWBY: LORD GRIMTHORPE AND LORD IRWIN

Garrowby is Lord Irwin's Yorkshire seat, and he called his pack of harriers after it. Both Lord Grimthorpe (a former Middleton Master) and Lord Irwin are on the hunt committee and are taking on the Joint Mastership next season

Harboro' contingent had a short journey. Peaker drew the spinney at the Reservoir outlet and, finding at once, sent us off in a wild rush. This tamed down, however, as our fox made over the hills to Gumley and vanished in the wood. Holloway then provided another pilot, who took a most unusual line by way of Smeeton Gorse to Debdale and Gallow hill where scent gave out, although he was seen later making his way towards the kennels at Great Bowden. Many were on the floor and two blood-stained victims were humorously able to compare notes on their facial blemishes. The lost tribe who were thrown out luckily picked up hounds at Foxton. All will wish our worthy secretary a speedy return to the saddle after his bad accident.

The Great Glenn meet on Thursday attracted many from the neighbouring packs — Quorn, Cottesmore, and South Atherstone all being in the picture. Motorcars were running riot and foxes were often headed. The one from the Gorse had little opportunity of making a point, so a fresh start was made from Harris, when a dart to Norton Gorse set

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

Everything in Leicestershire is overshadowed by the tragic death of Miss le Marchant from the effects of a fall while hunting with the Belvoir on Saturday. The sympathy of all goes out to General Sir Edward and Lady le Marchant on their loss.

From the Fernie

With hounds at Smeeton Westerby on Monday the

the pace for the pursuers. A capital run from Forsells spinney in the afternoon gave us all that was wanted, hounds running in top form and riders finding plenty of hazards. Our fox was bowled over at the finish in front of Gaulby Rectory. Everyone was glad of a breather after this enjoyable hunt and the farm telephone found many calling up for horse boxes and cars.

From the Heythrop

Hunting people are natural grouseers, but February fill-dyke certainly has let us down, and as we are still without rain and without our huntsman, it has been only a moderate week's sport. Lawrence is still suffering from concussion, the result of his fall at Broadwell last week. His place has been temporarily filled by Joe Gilbert, who in George Gulwell's absence has been acting as first whipper-in, so in any case it is a great ordeal for a second whipper-in to hunt hounds, but he has acquitted himself well, as scenting conditions certainly did not help him, neither did many members of the field; nevertheless he handled his first fox on Saturday. This to a huntsman is what riding a first winner is to a jockey.

There seems to be quite a miniature American invasion, and at times it is no easy matter to distinguish the twang of the horn from the Yankee ditto. However, we envy them being able to put half-a-crown in the poultry cap which has only cost them one shilling and nippence at the current rate of exchange. We are still anxiously awaiting the moment when someone puts in a golden sovereign and takes out twenty-seven and sixpence.

From Warwickshire

It is six weeks now since we had a drop of rain, and the ground is getting very dry on top. It is a treat to ride on such firm going, but hounds can never run in Warwickshire in such conditions, and sport has been only moderate. Tuesday from Barton was most disappointing, and foxes would never do as they were meant to do. The climax came when we were just going to draw Spion Kop, and a fox jumped up in the plough and ran back into the bad country. Very little could be done with him.

Thursday at Pillerton was not quite so cold, and from Brick-kiln Gorse hounds ran quite nicely on a bad twisting fox.

Another of the same sort from the Kineton. Coverts ran a ring to Butler's Marston. About twenty people lined up at Bedlam Osiers in the evening, and away went a grand fox.

Give me that best of bounties,
A gleam of winter sun;
The far-spread English counties
A stout red fox to run.

Everyone was thinking about the party that evening, judging from the conversation, when we for-gathered at Warrington on Friday. We had quite a good fox-hunt round the hills, and killed in the open below Knowle End. Hounds hunted



A BEDALE GROUP AT MAUNBY HALL, YORKSHIRE

These hounds met at Maunby by invitation of the owner, Major Alan Richard Hill-Walker, V.C., who is 73, and got his Cross at Laing's Nek in the Boer War of '81. In the picture, left to right, are: Major Tommy Slingsby, Miss Burdon, Major W. W. Burdon, the M.F.H., Mrs. Hill-Walker, Mr. Samuelson, chairman of the hunt committee, Major Hill-Walker, and Commander Wright, R.N.

Howard Barrett

(Continued on p. 392)

THE GREAT JUMPING SHOW AT CHELTENHAM



THE GOLD CUP: GOLDEN MILLER (winner) LEADING. GRAKLE (extreme left)

Miss Dorothy Paget had a great day out at Cheltenham as, in addition to winning the Gold Cup with her nice five-year-old, Golden Miller—who nevertheless took a couple of chances—she won the Champion Hurdle Race with Insurance, who laid his old rival, Song of Essex, out stone cold. T. Leader (Sprig's National pilot in 1927) rode both these winners, and Briscoe trained them. Grakle, a raging hot favourite, did not fall, but unshipped Mr. Fawcus when swerving to avoid Kingsford, who got into trouble at the fence before the water and rolled over. The occurrence has made Grakle's supporters a bit anxious about the March 18 prospects



CAPTAIN AND LADY AVICE SPICER



MR. MILLAIS AND LADY COVENTRY



LADY STAVORDALE AND MR. CRAWLEY

Everyone was a bit upset at the Grakle upset, but the horse jumped perfectly and came to no harm, thanks to young Ted Leader, who galloped on after winning on Golden Miller, caught him, and brought him back to the paddock, where he was warmly thanked by Grakle's owner, Mr. C. R. Taylor. These little things will happen 'chasing, and there is always the risk with the best of them. Lady Avice Spicer, who was amongst the customary big gallery, is Lord De La Warr's younger sister, and Captain Spicer is a cousin of Lord Westmorland, and used to be in the 12th Lancers. Lady Coventry was the Hon. Nesta Philipps, and Lady Stavordale married Lord Ilchester's son and heir last year. She is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward, a kinsman of Lord Dudley

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Pretty Sentiment.

I OFTEN wonder which is the more tiresome—sentiment without logic, or logic without sentiment? It is so easy to make the sentimental merely namby-pamby, it is equally easy to make logic ugly and aggressive. A combination of the two is ideal, but the ideal is usually only found in dreams and theories. Of the two, sentiment is, of course, the more popular. Common sense, which is the essence of logic as applied to everyday affairs, is rarely a likeable aspect, and common sense is rarest most of all in love-affairs and troubles. The lover, as a rule, lives in an ecstasy of inner pandemonium. Those in misery can rarely be found to endure in silence. The only consoling thought, however, in both cases is that experience teaches us that the louder the tub-thumping the less there is worth listening to. The person who carries his broken heart upon his sleeve invariably wears it, after a time, as a decoration. While audible and visible moaning is a sure sign that misery is such a complete novelty that the drama of it almost compensates for its pain. I have found invariably that those who love most deeply, that those who really have a permanent cross to carry, are invariably cheerful and apparently care-free; consequently, nobody, except those who really can imagine something beyond their noses, gives them pity. Pity is reserved for those who sit melancholy contemplating possible forgetfulness within a gas-oven, and for those who, like Niobe, are all tears and tears and tears. Very few people can believe what they can't see, and if they happen to see something which makes them uncomfortable, persuade themselves that they really haven't seen it at all. Consequently, when I met Mrs. Chesson in Mr. Richard Pryce's new novel, "Morgan's Yard" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), and read how since her husband had disappointed her, and her son

had been killed in the War, she had withdrawn herself from the world within her charming little London house, I was not greatly moved to pity. I felt she inwardly enjoyed the effect her sorrow produced. However, as this is a very pretty, sentimental tale, I am sure that as an "opinionist" I shall be in the minority. Mrs. Chesson had the whole of Morgan's Yard "hushed" in a kind of unexpressed sympathy for her woe. None of them had, of course, to live with her, except old Hannah, her maid, who had been serving her through all her sorrows and disappointments. And luckily Hannah one day was driven to protest. She wanted to be treated as a human being, not

as the willing accompaniment to a kind of ghost. Her protest brought Mrs. Chesson to the realization that even tragedy can be interpreted in many ways, and the way she had chosen for her own was the most obvious and really the most unmoving of all. From that hour she began to make friends again with the

world from which she had withdrawn herself in relentless spiritual crêpe. She began at last to realize that real sorrow, which isn't at the same time and almost entirely the frustration of egotism, is as a key to the heart of humanity, and to the joy of the world in which we live. Maybe a tragedy, but indubitably a *revelation*! And in triumphing over her own she was able to triumph over all the further sorrows which were to come her way. Including the fact that her dead son, before he was killed in France, was the father of an illegitimate child. This was indeed a shock, because apart from idealizing him as a man, Mrs. Chesson was one of those church-going women for whom the "sins" of the flesh are believed to make the angels in Heaven more agitated than almost anything else. But, as I wrote above, this is a sentimental little tale, and the girl who was the mother of her dead son's child, was such a really nice girl that only a woman, who mistook the Church for religion in the depths of her narrow soul, could have cast a stone at her. This forgiveness, this bringing into her life of a "daughter" as well as a grandson provide the happy ending for a very pretty, charming little story—in the Priestley vein without, however, it must be confessed, the Priestley humour. Everyone who lives in Morgan's Yard is more or less the complete "dear." We get to know them all, but only as they actually live in the Yard, or else as fate brings them into it. The painter, the dramatist, the little dress-maker, among the other inhabitants, are all as sweet and kindly and fundamentally nice as anybody could wish to meet. And just as

Mrs. Chesson realized at last that true sorrow eventually leads to a greater loving-kindness, so an atmosphere of loving-kindness rests almost as an impenetrable fog all over the book. Most people will love it. I loved it myself, although I realized at last that it left me with a feeling as if I had spent a long, long day alone with a sweet, sweet woman, who certainly made life more beautiful but never once made me want to laugh.

Again "Priestley," but more amusingly so.

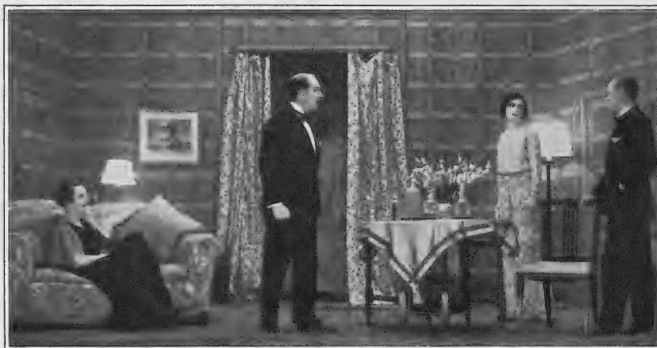
I must confess that I rather like the fashion which Mr. J. M. Priestley at least made fashionable, of pegging out a small space and concentrating on all the people who happen to

(Continued on p. 390)



ARTHUR OWEN
THE COUNTESS TASHA PAHLEN AND HER MOTHER,
THE COUNTESS CATHERINE PAHLEN

The Countess Tasha Pahlen is an accomplished sculptress and she and her mother are both very well known in London Society. This snapshot was taken in the Ideal Films studio last week



AN AMATEUR PRODUCTION OF "ON APPROVAL"

This play was produced in aid of local charities at Sunninghill, Berks, and was remarkably well done by a most capable cast. In the picture the names, left to right, are: Mrs. David Wilson, Captain N. C. Tufnell, Mrs. N. C. Tufnell, and Mr. M. E. C. Baggallay. Mrs. Tufnell is one of the few lady estate agents in England. Mr. N. C. Tufnell kept wicket for England v. South Africa in South Africa, and Mrs. David Wilson acts with Windsor Strollers. Among those present in the audience were Lady Weigall, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Mr. F. T. Mann (late captain of Middlesex v. South Africa), and Mr. S. H. Day, cricket Blue, Cambridge University. This is the only cast in which all the male characters have kept wicket for Cambridge

TONSURE-LITIS?

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



Church Cleaner: There's bin two clerical gentlemen to see the Church, sir. Priests I think they was, as they both had tonsils on the back of their 'eads

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

inhabit it. So that everyone is more or less the "principal character" according to your interest in his or her life-story above the life-stories of the rest. Mr. Denis Mackail, in "David's Day" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), has experimented in the fashionable manner and made a great success of it. For happily, while also being full of loving-kindness, he can be delightfully amusing, simply because he observes people and things with the eye of a humorist as well as an optimist. He can make you laugh with, and at, his very human characters without even the suspicion of a jeer behind their backs. I like, too, the way he tells his tale. He introduces us, for example, to one character, who sooner or later meets another, when immediately away we go off with her, or him, until he, or she, comes face to face with somebody else; when on we go again towards fresh scenes and faces. And, after all, that is how life is written—our own story getting mixed up with others, and theirs with ours, and again with other people's. So that a hurtling brick has a whole "plot" behind it, which only begins, so far as we ourselves are concerned, when it hits us on the nose. After which the story of the brick and our nose go on together. Or, peradventure, we continue the story of the brick, whichever you may think of greater interest. Life is a piece of music set for a full orchestra in which only God, perhaps, can distinguish the separate parts. We can only listen to the mass-effect, and quite often it sounds just like sheer "blurrrrb." Thus Mr. Mackail takes each part separately, allows the performer to play each one for a little while, until gradually all are playing together. When suddenly we realize that the whole thing has meaning, almost, it may be said, a definite tune, and that tune is the story. Hearing the parts separately it seems impossible that even together they could make any definite theme; but they do, and that's life, although we mostly hear the tune only at the end of it. But sometimes we like it, and often we don't. Yet there it is, some glorious Symphony for all time, or just the Minuet of a Minute. Well, "David's Day" may only be a Minuet of a Minute, but it is the jolliest affair imaginable. I liked all the partners he selected for the dance. Mr. Coffin, for instance, who felt himself a Man of Property on the strength of a suburban home which he was buying on instalments; those instalments which, as the author remarks, look so ominously like "rent," And Gladys, the absurd, who wanted life to resemble for her the "pictures," but wasn't so pleased with filmdom when she found she could only escape from it with difficulty and not to the strains of "Sweet and Lovely" played as a dirge. And Miss Mickethwaite, who was always about to do dreadful things, but saved herself at the last moment by the memory of a dead lover who, as a matter of fact, had been about to marry somebody else when he was killed; and oh, so many more! At first you may worry a little concerning what the story is going to be about—if it is going to be about

anything at all. You go from character to character, and none of them at first seem to have any relationship, except that they all live in London; but presently you discover that each has some direct influence on the other, and that the whole of these influences make up the tale. As a light novel I found it perfectly delightful. Full of amusing observation of character and common idiosyncracies; tender, without being in the least bit "sploshy," and if ever a novel "read itself" this one does. To read it is more like to listen than to read, and you are interested or amused every moment of the time. Since "Greenery Street" and "The Flower Show," Denis Mackail has given us nothing so good, or even nearly so.

An Australian Odyssey.

Far more than half the inner-troubles of life are caused because very few of us are ever definitely so-and-so. We are not all-good, we are not all-bad, we are not all-tactful, we are not all-kind, neither are we all-cruel nor simply all-boring. Consequently we fight with ourselves far more than we fight with other people. We are definitely one thing today, we are only partially that thing to-morrow, while definitely we may be something quite different the day after. As a rule we don't know what we are, nor actually what we want, until it doesn't matter much either way. We have exchanged the happiness of self-realization for a cup of gruel. If always, on the other hand, we are unchangeably of one type then, whether we be good or bad, we are dull, though we may be successful. It is this perpetual pull between desire and doubt which makes the in-betweens of Mr. R. W. Thompson's volume, "Down Under" (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.), so very much more than the ruthless account of a young man who sought experience, disguised as a "living," in Australia. The author is a young man, and very few elderly people can reveal themselves—except fictitiously. It is considered undignified to "wobble" in the rising forties. And yet my own experience is that we "wobble" all our lives and, personally, I am not in the least ashamed of it, though I must confess it does not add to a happy satisfaction. And thus in this account of "An Australian Odyssey" there is a most interesting if unconscious account of a young man's spirit trying to find solid foothold upon this earth as he is at present finding it. Apart from this, his book is a ruthless account of life in Australia and among Australians, on a sheep farm, in the cities, in Australian society. Much of it has also to do with Australian social politics; which, if you live there and work, cannot be ignored, simply because Australian labour conditions seem to exist in the perpetual act of cutting off the nose to spite the face, and then to wonder angrily why it cannot win a beauty competition. It is all very interesting and, from my own experience of Australians, I should not be at all surprised if it is not mostly true. A pity the book wasn't illustrated, because the writer makes his experiences, especially that on the sheep farm, so vivid.



ADOLF HITLER

By Avtori

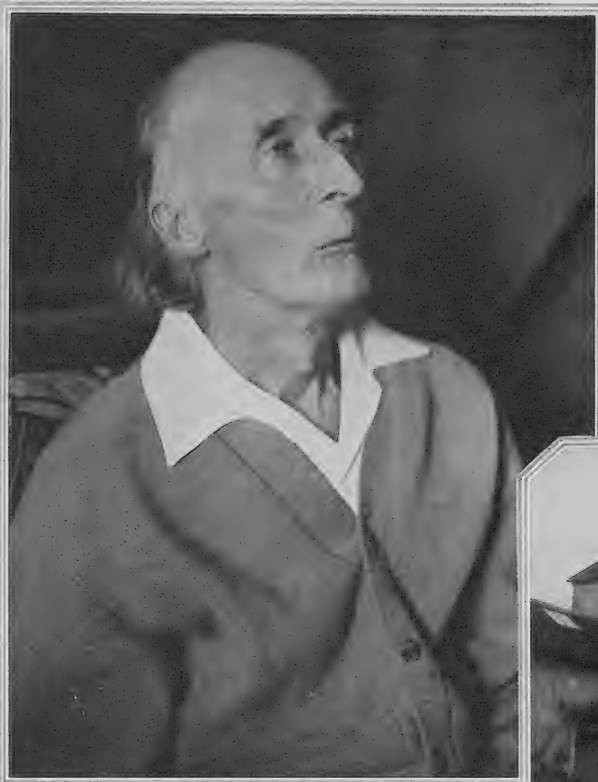
Various described, according to taste, as "Germany's Saviour" and "Germany's Stormy Petrel," but in either case a compelling personality and a political hot-gospeller. Herr Hitler is an Austrian by birth but has become a nationalized German to enable him to stand for the Presidency

FREDERICK DELIUS AND HIS HOME ON THE SEINE

Where the Great
Composer spent his
Seventieth Birthday



MRS. DELIUS



FREDERICK DELIUS, BLIND, DEAF, AND
PARALYZED, BUT STILL UNDAUNTED



THE DELIUS' HOME AT GREZ-
SUR-LOING, FROM THE GARDEN



A VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM THE VILLAGE STREET

Blind, deaf, and paralyzed but still composing—who can fail to admire the undaunted courage of seventy-year-old Frederick Delius, so cruelly treated by fate and yet refusing to allow it to silence his musical genius. Now that pencil and paper are no longer any use to him all his work is done through Eric Fenby, a young Yorkshire musician, who acts as his amanuensis in the interpretation of his intensely individual style. Delius, to whom England paid grateful homage when he came over a few years ago to be present at a recital of his works at the Queen's Hall, was born in Bradford of German parentage. For two years he was orange planting in Florida, but then music called too insistently and he became a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire—the start of his brilliant career. These pictures of the great composer and his wife, who cares for him most tenderly, were taken at Grez-sur-Loing on the Seine, their village home where they have lived for a great number of years

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 386)

well, and it was quite fun for those who got off the hill. Later we had a very cheery evening at Wykeham Park, which is a splendid house for a dance; a big ballroom and plenty of rooms for sitting out or bridge. It is very questionable whether the present fashions make the wearers look older or younger. Our hostess looked charming, and we were splendidly entertained with an excellent supper and band until the early hours. If the cold had not been so intense we should have enjoyed the races at Somerton on Saturday as there was plenty of local talent and some good finishes.

From the Cheshire

This week began well with a really good hunt after meeting at Church Minshull. Finding in the New Gorse, Calveley, hounds hunted well by the Old Gorse and the Black Knight, crossed the river with Beech Wood on the left, and the railway with Warmingham on the right, a tired fox getting to ground at Petton Sandhole, after 80 minutes, with a six-and-a-half-mile point.

Tuesday from Burleydam was fair, the hunt from the Chapel covert being the best via Wilkesley to Shavington and on to Addeley, eventually petering out in the North Stafford country after 50 minutes. What a pity there are no Heywood-Lonsdales or Corbets hunting from the former or latter places with us at present. Friday from Beeston Smithy was a little disappointing; scent seemed very poor, a fact which did not seem to be altogether realized by the majority of the biggish field who patronized this fixture.

The left-handed circular hunt from Willis's Wood to Peckforton Moss was not very exciting. From Riders Bank a fox went away in the direction of Brindley Ley, and bore left-handed. Scent being very catchy hounds hunted well, crossing the road pointing for Hurleston, leaving the covert well on the left, scent suddenly failing near the canal.

We are anxious to know (a) How the Secretary's finger is progressing; (b) If his or the Colonel's narrative is correct? In any case both seem exceptional accidents and ones to be avoided!

Quite a small field, and at least 2,000 pedestrians and sightseers, we understand from Crewe, met the hounds at Groby Schools. It was quite impossible under these circumstances to do much with the fox found in Groby.

By the time Warmington was drawn practically all this following had retired to a football match. Those who got away enjoyed a fast but all too short dart, hounds marking their fox to ground in a drain by the railway. From Aston, although some way behind their fox, hounds hunted well, again marking their fox to ground when pointing for the Calveley country.

We hope Jack's photograph will be successful.

From the York and Ainsty

Both packs were out on Saturday, February 27, and both had quite good sport considering how dry the country has got. The North had a nice fifty minutes, the first part fast, round Cayton Gill and Markington, and found three more foxes later on; whilst the South met at Tollerton and found on the Ings, running fast for twenty-five minutes before the fox just beat hounds by crossing the Ouse near Linton. We fear a good many of the field got left, and it's surprising how many people forget the old rule, "Always be where you can either see or hear the huntsman." If you can't, move to where you can—unless, of course, the Master sends out a special scout to do the listening for you. The day ended with a hunt from Hawkhill past Crayke towards Oulston.



WITH THE FERNIE: LORD NOR
AND A FRIEND THAMPTON

The Marquess of Northampton has not been hunting with the Fernie for some time, and everyone was glad to see him out with them again. Castle Ashby, one of his English seats, is in the Pytchley domain

We met at Strensall on Tuesday, March 1—St. David's Day, appropriately enough—and with dusty ploughs and a strong east wind it looked very unlike a scent. However, events were better than our hopes, and we had two quite nice gallops, not without their casualties. The young Fusilier's hat was in such a state of pulp as not to be worth even picking up.

From Lincolnshire

During the week-end strong air currents from the Arctic regions just about put the lid on hunting. Everybody was chilled to the bone and scent was *non est*. The Blankney after meeting at Barnby Manor (February 27) could do nothing until the wind dropped in the afternoon. Hounds then got well away from Lubbock's, but after a quick dart of fifteen minutes across the beautiful vale, their fox found security of underground tenure at Cockburn's.

The Southwold fared no better from Dalby Bar, although they managed to kill a brace of laggards, but hunting from Srafield hilltop earlier in the week, they scored a brilliant twenty-five minutes from Greetham, running with much venom over Slash Hill—where the Battle of Winceby was fought in 1643—only, however, to lose a beaten fox at Hammeringham. The pace was a cracker throughout.

The Brocklesby, meeting at Irby on February 26, have probably never run faster than they did from Riby Park. For eighteen minutes hounds never checked until they were overtaken by an earth between Healing and Aylesby.

On Saturday, however, they put "paid" to the account of a poultry marauder at Brigsley which they caught redhanded.



SIR CHARLES LOWTHER WITH THE WYNNSTAY

For the past few seasons Sir Charles Lowther, for many years Master of the Pytchley, has been helping to hunt Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's famous hounds, which are often called the Wynnstay for short. They met on this occasion at Wynnstay, the Master's house

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



THE RACKETEER

THE PASSING SHOWS

"King, Queen, Knave,"
at the
Playhouse



SCOTLAND v. CARMANIA: THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCESS

The Highland professional soldier (Mr. Leon Quartermaine) meets Princess Narcissa (Miss Gladys Cooper)



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Commissar Stranowitz (Mr. Frank Cochrane) bosses the Carmanian Communists, and no wonder! He hails from Glasgow

WHAT'S wrong with Ruritania? In the bad old days a uniform was not to be sneezed at. A matinée idol cut a pretty figure as a Green Hussar or a White Lancer, with shiny, over-size top-boots; a clanking sword and a row of medals were useful trappings on the credit side of romance. A long succession of the Kings of Cadonia on the musical-comedy stage may have put Rupert of Hentzau on the shelf, but that does not deny the fact that Mr. Anthony Hope knew his job. His king-makers and king-shakers, men of blood and iron, were not ashamed to click a heel and twirl a moustache. They didn't sprawl on sofas, spouting clever-clever stuff about democracy. The loyal Colonel, the sinister Count, the lovely Princess retire *démodés* but not disgraced. Hollywood, with its batch of films in which the comic King has supplanted less picturesque mountebanks, has grieved Ruritania almost off the map—not forgetting, of course, to make good use of the uniforms. And when an institution reaches the stage of being burlesqued, it is a sign that its vitality is not what it was.

Mr. H. M. Harwood—a reliable dramatist with an *extra sec* label on his wit—and Mr. R. Gore Brown have collaborated in *King, Queen, Knave* to deal a further blow at the old traditions of glamour and action. The only sword is a relic of Prince Charlie, tracked down by a dour young Scot to an expensive antique-shop on the Riviera. By the rules of the game, this David Maclean (Mr. Leon Quartermaine), being the hero, should have kissed the hilt, dropped on one knee and sworn to fight to the last drop of his Highland blood for the Princess Narcissa of Carmania, who stood before him. For that lady, besides being Miss Gladys Cooper, slim, pale, and short-skirted, had set her cap at him with a rapidity betokening love at first sight.

Of Carmania itself we see nothing except the inside of a fortress. The antique-shop is a convenient jumping-off point for introducing four relevant characters and four more of no importance. Among the "also-talked," one observes Mr. Kinsey Peile, Mr. Antony Holles, as a semi-comic Field-



A CHARMING ALLY

Kitty Egmont (Miss Doris Lytton) sells antiques to ex-royalty and introduces the King to the Knave



KNAVE, KING, AND BOLSHIE

Sir Ferdinand Kolb (Mr. Frank Harvey) is anxious to get on with the royalist revolution, but ex-King Stephan (Mr. Edmund Breon) and his former Chancellor (Mr. Antony Holles) insist on a political debate

with no gin. Mr. Edmond Breon as the plump, monocled ex-King, intent on old books and young mistresses, shrugs a lazy shoulder; anything for a gay life and full coffers. The dark horse who proposes to make the running is Sir Ferdinand Gordon Kolb (Mr. Frank Harvey). That suave and unpleasant cosmopolitan has designs on copper concessions and is prepared to pay for the rifles and machine-guns. The Princess consents to be put back on the throne, provided her silent knight, who has been fighting in revolutionary causes for the last fifteen years, leads the expedition.

In the Kolb library in Mayfair we are glad to meet Miss Lytton again and also Mr. Antony Holles, who reappears as a highly entertaining Bolshevik Chancellor. "*Verba non acta*" being the motto, the King permits himself a generous discourse on democracy and kindred follies, which is effective satire. But for some of us Old Ruritanians, with appetites whetted by a brief glimpse of a bogus Boys' Club in Shadwell, these shrewd and often witty ruminations are not altogether satisfactory substitutes for swift action. This scene, where an American booze-runner, disguised as a clergyman, and a thick-eared old lag and boxer are preparing for "der Tag" under cover of social and athletic welfare, is as effective as any. But the detective fades out, nothing exciting happens, and the Princess makes no amorous headway with her professional soldier.

The last scene is anti-climax. The revolution is a fiasco. David, with his arm in a sling, and his boxing instructor (Mr. Jack Bligh) are prisoners, and the American tough-guy (Mr. Gilbert Davis) has been slain. A pity, because Mr. Davis's tough-guy is ripe for a spot of bother. Sir Ferdinand, having negotiated his copper deal by peaceful methods, has double-crossed the expedition, guessed the time and place of the landing—which David, with *carte blanche*, had refused to disclose—and given the show away to the Republicans. In the end, the Princess arrives miraculously on the scene just as David is preparing for the firing-squad, but not before a former Glasgow Communist, now Commissar Stranowitz (Mr. Frank Cochrane) has said his political piece and painted a picture of an efficient State with himself as Dictator and David as O.C. Troops. The element of surprise in this *exposé* of Communistic utility is a shrewd touch, but dialectics and a dungeon at this stage of

the proceedings do not agree. The Scot's genius for snapping up the best jobs in every corner of the earth is a good point well made.

David, having accused his Princess of being a

traitress, is duly humbled when she explains that her abdication is the price of his freedom. As the fickle cheers of the populace are heard "off," the adventure ends as unheroically as it began, with a long-delayed kiss and a vista of a Princess darning her peasant's socks in some remote Highland cottage. Poor girl, one felt sorry for her. She had to propose to, and live with, a man whose gift of tongues excluded his own, and with no more sense of humour than a haggis! Mr. Quartermaine's dourness is exemplary, and his is not the only part which cramps both style and personality. Even Miss Cooper is subdued, for the Princess is a joyless, unregal young woman of the world, with her emotions well under control. The very opposite, in fact, of a good Carmanian. "TRINCULO."

'CHASING AT ALDERSHOT



MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. W. HARMAN AND MRS. TURNER
IN THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE



GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON, G.O.C., GENERAL AND MRS. JACKSON
AND F.M. SIR GEORGE MILNE, C.I.G.S.



SIR ARCHIBALD WEIGALL AND MISS
PRISCILLA WEIGALL



CAPTAIN MILLER, M.D.H. AND MISS A.
STEWART-SANDEMAN



CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. J. PELLY AND
OTHERS

Excellent fields, good going, all the Horse, Fut and Dhragoons having a pop, and a most distinguished gallery, including the G.O.C. and the C.I.G.S., made the recent Aldershot Meeting go on greased wheels. It was the Aldershot Bonâ Fide Military Meeting and not the Aldershot Command Steeplechases, but the enthusiasm was just as great and there was quite as much fun to be knocked out of it—even though it was simply perishing cold. Major-General A. E. W. Harman, who is in the top picture alongside the one of Sir George Milne, and the G.O.C. Aldershot, had one running in the Aldershot Command Chargers' Cup, and Captain A. A. Miller, Scots Guards, rode his own in the Tweseldown Open Cup, for which a bumper field went. He is an ex-Master of the Household Brigade Drag. Sir Archibald Weigall has a house near Ascot, and his favourite recreation is fox-hunting

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

A page of pleasant personalities



MRS. GERARD THARP

Lord Killanin's mother, of whom this is a new portrait, was the widow of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. H. Morris when she married Lieut.-Colonel Gerard Tharp in 1918. She and her husband live at Chippenham Park, in Cambridgeshire, and they also have a London house in Stanhope Place. Colonel Tharp used to be in the Rifle Brigade

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street



MISS WINIFRED PAGET

The tall, slim and very pretty elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget is blessed with a charming disposition, consequently she has a vast number of friends. Her parents are extremely popular, too, and give the most diverting parties at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, where their open-air bathing-pool is the scene of great activity during the summer



JACK'S THE BOY FOR PLAY: LADY BARBARA GORE AND HER SON

Lady Barbara Gore, who is seen on the left with her genial young son, John Temple Gore, who is known to his many friends as Jack, was formerly Lady Barbara Montgomerie. She is the eldest daughter of Lord Eglinton and Winton, and her marriage took place in 1930. Her husband, Mr. Christopher Gore, is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Constance Gore

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—I do not regret my youth nor want to live my life over again, but how pleasant it is to occasionally recapture the almost forgotten thrill of enjoying a very simple, quite foolish and merely pretty entertainment. Last night I was "to" the circus! We are really fond of the circus in Paris—this is a fact I have so often mentioned to you that I perhaps ought to apologise for repeating it—and two establishments are kept going all the year round. In these hard times, however, there has been a certain falling-off in attendance, and the *Cirque Médrano*, that popular, old-fashioned little house close to the Place Pigalle, has made a big effort to recapture its patrons' flagging interest. This Big Effort has been crowned with almost unhopd-for success, which is explained, I think, by the Clown's refrain which is the *motif* of the Revue that fills the second part of the show, the first part being "of the ring proper"!—

*Il ne faut jamais, jamais rien prendre au sérieux
Quand on veut être heureux
Et vivre vieux!*

*Il ne faut jamais, jamais, jamais, jamais dir' que ça va mal,
Demain peut-être
Tout sera normal!*

*Au lieu de lir' tous les boniments des journaux
Fail' comm' les clowns du Cirque Médrano!*

*Il ne faut jamais, jamais rien prendre au sérieux
Quand on veut être heureux
Et vivre vieux!*

I do not think I particularly want to "vivre vieux" (or,

rather, "vieille"). I prefer to "live out my years in heat of blood" instead of doddering to my grave in a bath-chair, but I quite agree that the gift of optimism is one of the greatest that one can possess. Possibly it was a wave of optimism, inspired by a remarkably clever advance-Press campaign organised by that very witty writer and circus fan, M. Legrand-Chabrier, that brought us crowding to *Médrano* fully decided to be charmed. I have rarely seen such a bunch of notabilities at an ordinary ring-side "first night." Mme. Colette arrived a little late, and was unable to find a seat, as she had not given notice of her desire to attend the show. People were sitting on hassocks—so churchy!—in the gangways, and the boxes were filled twice over. All the most staid critics were present, from Fortunat Strowski (*de l'Institut*), to that eminent "Jack-of-All-Writing-Trades," Paul Reboux, which was, I thought, slightly discourteous to the or'nerly writers of circus-and-music-



IRENE BORDONI AT MIAMI

In the kind of beach suit which fits into that charming spot on the Southern Atlantic Ocean. Irene Bordoni, who is now as famous on the movies as she is on the real stage, was snapped on her way to the Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club, the star spot in Miami Beach



NOT COMING, AND COMING, TO LONDON: GITTA ALPAR AND ANNIE AHLERS

Gitta Alpar was to have played the lead in *The Dubarry*, which is dated at present to open in London on April 12th, but she got engaged and married in the interim, and is honey-mooning on the Riviera. Her place has been taken by Annie Ahlers, the German light-opera star, who will, no doubt, make a very charming picture of Louis Quinze's famous "walk-out"

hall criticisms. Of course, the Bigwigs argued that, "being a *Revue*," and by such clever satirists as Roger Ferréol and André Dahl, "they felt it due to their *conscience professionnelle* . . . etc, etc." (you know the sort of thing), but between you and me, m'dear, they were merely stretching themselves after close confinement at the *Odéon*, where, the evening before, Charles Méré's translation-adaptation-amputation, or whatever you like to call it, of "King Lear" had kept them "frizz" to their seats from eight pip-emma to past midnight, with only a cuppla breathers of ten minutes each.

No! I admit I was not there, fond as I am of Charles Méré as a blood-and-thunder playwright (which is his usual manner!). I take my Shakespeare (or do I mean Shakespeare? I never can remember what Frank Harris told me about that middle "e"!) *chez moi*, in the original (and an arm-chair). I am quite willing to believe that Méré is a second Schiller . . . but I cannot get excited about it. For those who do not read "American," no doubt Baudelaire's "Scarabée d'Or" is a *chef-d'œuvre*, but . . . *que voulez-vous que je vous dise, moi!* . . . as our ever regretted "John N." used to say.

I don't suppose it is much good for me to tell you about the actual performance at *Médrano*, since you are not likely to leave your snug little island yet awhile, but kindly file for reference the name of Mlle. Renée Devilder, who is a very lovely young dancer who can also act and sing, and, for circus purposes, can bestride or sit side-saddle on a horse without falling off. London or Hollywood is sure to get her in time. There is also a bevy of young venches, *les ballerines de Sandrini*, led by Mlle. Christiane Dargyl, who, like Devilder, appears quite at home in the saddle. These girls form the best French troupe I have yet seen. Without the mechanical, and sometimes wearisome, precision of . . . but why be invidious! Let us merely say that they are graceful in movement, well matched and divinely perfect in their physical charm, and undressed, with delightful discretion, by Mme. Rasimi, whose revues and costumes you welcomed in London at, I believe, the old Middlesex Theatre before the war. I am told that, when this show is over, they are to tour Europe as a "variety number." Another item for your reference file.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

STRAIGHT FROM HOLLYWOOD



EDWINA BOOTH

Beautiful Edwina Booth is one of Hollywood's blondest blondes and was only an "extra" when she was selected to play in that great jungle film, "Trader Horn." She was then only 19, and possibly if she had known what was before her she would have thought more than twice about taking it on. She was bitten by mosquitoes, had sunstroke malaria and dysentery, a fall from a tree, and to end up was accused of being a real life "Vamp"—a charge subsequently disproved in the Los Angeles Courts. John Barrymore makes an ideal Arsène Lupin, that picturesque personality of the underworld, who has thrilled so many people on the stage and is now repeating the process on the films. Dorothy Mackaill is a Hull girl who took America by storm and is still continuing the operation. She is the pocket Venus type, as she is only 5 ft., with fair hair and blue eyes. "The Lost Lady" is seen on her road to ruin (presumably)

JOHN BARRYMORE AND KAREN MORLEY
IN "ARSENÈ LUPIN"

DOROTHY MACKAILL IN "THE LOST LADY"

'BUCK'S' BOYS' CLUBS DINNER

SIR HUGH SEELY, MISS J. SEELY, THE MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY
AND MRS. R. TREWLADY ALISTAIR INNES-KER, SIR JOHN MILBANKE, THE DUC DE
VERDURA, THE HON. E. AND MRS. FITZGERALD (BACK TO CAMERA),
LORD SEFTON AND LADY MILBANKEMISS SAMMUT, MR. QUINNY GILBEY AND SIR ROBERT
THROGMORTONMR. JOHN LODER, LADY ALINGTON AND MR. DUDLEY
DE LEVINGEMISS WINIFRED SHOTTER AND CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER,
WHO RAN THE SHOW

Captain Buckmaster's Sixth Annual Dinner, Dance and Cabaret in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs was held at the May Fair Hotel and was a tremendous success and was as well run by its competent organiser as ever. The Federation is 45 years old and includes 167 Clubs. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was present at the Federation's boxing finals at the Albert Hall, on the 8th. Amongst those who brought parties to this particular dinner at the May Fair were: Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Sefton, Lord Ivor Churchill, Sir James Dunn, Lady Alington, Lord Inverclyde, Captain Gilbey, Major Leahy, and many others. Everyone connected with the Federation is a sportsman past or present, and it is doing some of the best work amongst our lads in the whole British Empire.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE

Photographs by Sasha

The Cut
of the Navy

*Player's
Please*

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 20 for 11½d 10 for 6d

HCC 37

GOOD-BYE PICCADILLY! FA



A GLOOMY FORECAST OF AN EXODUS WHICH, LET

By

The key to the names up and down the picture, from left to right, is: Tauber, Max Reinhardt, Mistinguett, Gigli, Pertile (then down and up—Danilova (the Russian dancer), Metaxa (of "Bitter Sweet" fame), Lea Seidl, Carl Brisson, Panizza (Chevalier, Ida Rubinstein, Rosa Ponselle, Inghilleri, Stabili (Italian baritone), Moissi (a German actor), Yvonne Printemps, picture was inspired by the contemplated restrictions to be placed upon foreign artistes in England, but the ban may not be as force in force

REWELL LEICESTER SQUARE!



US TRUST, WILL NOT BE AS COMPLETE AS ALL THIS!

AUTORI

Italian singer), Argentina, Bruno Walter (the German conductor); above him—Bellezza (Covent Garden conductor), and Forzano (Covent Garden conductor), Toscanini, Polacco (another Covent Garden conductor), Chaliapine, Selipa (an Italian tenor), Maurice Autori (the singer artist), Sacha Guitry, Paul Robeson, Franci (baritone), and Fornarini (the Covent Garden Maestro). This complete as Signor Autori fears that it may be, for a regulation cuts both ways, and will result in similar restrictions coming into foreign countries



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Where else can you find all these advantages for so little money?

- Chromium-finished radiator, with wire pebble guard.
- Choice of 11.9 h.p. and 14/32 h.p. engines : each with air pre-heater and fume consuming head, coil ignition and duralumin connecting rods.
- Fully compensated, silent Lockheed hydraulic 4-wheel brakes ; and Magna type wire wheels.
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THE WASPS' F.C. DINNER



MR. A. G. WATSON, MR. H. T. H. STANTON AND MR. N. H. HUDSON

ENGINEER-COMMANDER S. F. COOPER, MR. C. C. HOYER-MILLAR
AND MR. J. L. BONGARD

MR. R. S. SPONG



MR. E. PRESCOTT



VICE-ADMIRAL F. N. ROYDS



MR. P. W. ADAMS

This dinner in celebration of The Wasps' sixty-fifth season was held at the Park Lane Hotel and was a notable event in Rugby Football history in more ways than one. It was so in particular because of the divergent views expressed by the two principal speakers, Mr. W. T. Pearce, the Rugby Union President, and Mr. R. M. Swyer, the veteran Wasp Captain. Mr. Swyer blamed bad refereeing for the alleged decline in the quality of Rugger; Mr. Pearce, on the other hand, said that the players were to blame and suggested that they should pay more attention to the rules. As will be observed from this small collection of pictures, many notabilities were present: Engineer-Commander Cooper, Secretary of the Rugby Union and an ex-International; Mr. Hoyer-Millar and Mr. Bongard, both Middlesex, (the latter their Hon. Treasurer); Mr. R. S. Spong, England's famous fly-half and an old Mill Hill boy; Mr. E. Prescott, past President of the Rugby Union and President of the Middlesex Rugby F. U.; Vice-Admiral Roysds, a past President of the Rugby Union and President of Kent County, also an ex-International; Mr. P. W. Adams, Captain of The Harlequins, also of Surrey County; Mr. A. G. Watson, President of the Ealing R. F. C. and member of the Middlesex County R. F. U. and also last but not least, the famous "Wakers," the holder of the greatest number of English Caps, skipper of England, Middlesex, Cambridge, R.A.F. and Harlequins. A very brilliant "side" all round of a truth. A group of The Wasps' team which was recently beaten by the London Welsh appears on page 408



COLONEL D. LYALL GRANT, DR. J. A. ROSSELLE CARGILL AND MR. W. W. WAKEFIELD

Photographs by Sasha



ASHORE AT JAMAICA

Arthur Owen

Left to right: Lord Coke, Miss Eyre, the Hon. Edward Partington, Lady Coke and Lord Doverdale, who, like many other well-known people, are cruising in the West Indies. Lord Doverdale was for many years Liberal Member for the High Peak division; Mr. Partington is his only son.



Arthur Owen

THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN

OUT OF ENGLAND

Some Notable Absentees



Arthur Owen

ABOARD THE "DUCHESS OF RICHMOND":
THE HON. MRS. PERCY THELLUSSON,
LADY STANLEY (CENTRE) AND A FRIEND



MR. JOHN WILSON, MISS GWEN SWIRE, CAPTAIN FETHERSTONHAUGH,
SIR RUPERT CLARKE AND HIS BROTHER, NOBBY, IN SWITZERLAND

The S.S. "Duchess of Richmond" had a distinguished passenger-list when she set sail for the West Indies last month. Lord Derby's daughter-in-law, Lady Stanley, took part with enthusiasm in deck games, and the Hon. Mrs. Percy Thellusson was also up and doing. Her husband is Lord Rendlesham's only brother. General Lord Cavan's charming wife was another passenger. The remaining snapshot was taken during a siesta, after vigorous ski-ing at Little Scheidegg. Sir Rupert Clarke and his brother are Lady Bective's sons by her first marriage. Their very young step-brother, the Hon. Thomas Taylour, to whom Prince Charles of Belgium is godfather, was recently christened in London

SPORTING OCCASIONS



AT HARDEN CASTLE: MISS DUNDAS, THE LADIES SUSAN, MARY AND JANE EGERTON AND MR. DUNDAS, PREPARED TO GO BEAGLING.



LORD INVERCLYDE AND MISS MONRO-KERR AT A MEET OF THE EGLINTON HOUNDS



AT TAUNTON 'CHASES: MRS. H. AMORY AND THE COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER



BLANCHE LADY PENRHYN AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY PORTMAN



MAJOR AND MRS. LANE AND (RIGHT) MR. CHANNER, ALSO AT TAUNTON 'CHASES

Hunting and racing are the activities of this page. The last meet of the season of Mr. Scott Plummer's Beagles was the reason for the group taken at Harden Castle, near Hawick. Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters saw a good deal of the fun, and Mr. Dundas took an immense amount of exercise. Lord Inverclyde, who was photographed when the Eglinton met at Craigie House, near Ayr, is reported to be taking over the mastership of these Hounds next season. The three bottom-pictures were taken at Taunton's one-day jump meeting, which saw the welcome return of Mr. Thackray, who had a winning ride on Forbra in the Montagu Evans Cup. Blanche Lady Penrhyn was taking her usual interest in the racing. She had not far to come, as she was staying with her daughter, Lady Portman, at Staple Fitzpaine Manor. Other visitors included Lady Ilchester and Mrs. Heathcoat Amory

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

NEXT Saturday, at Cardiff, Wales has her opportunity of securing once more a clean-cut championship, the distinction usually known as the Triple Crown. Her prospects are rosy, even after Ireland's convincing win at Murrayfield, where Scotland were regarded as probable winners. It is true that the

team, but it is certainly stronger than last year's, so we may hope that we are through the worst of doldrums, and are once more on the up-grade. There are quite a number of promising youngsters besides those who have found their way into the national side, and the number of Rugby players is now so large that, on the law of averages,

some of them must be first-class; the difficulty is to find them, hidden away as they are in the ruck of old-boy and second-class Rugby. What the English side suffers from at the moment is the lack of an outstanding personality, a Wakefield or a Davies. If a new prophet could arise we should soon see a difference in the sport of our men; more dash, more determination. Early in the season the national forwards played good enough football, but they were wanting in vim and vigour, and fell easy victims to heavier and more ruthless opponents. The authorities knew that as well as anybody, and there was some improvement against Ireland. Whether it was permanent we shall see at Twickenham next week.

In the recent trial at head-quarters, B. H. Black made his first appearance in representative football this season, and his influence on the England pack was most marked. His example roused them in more ways than one; it was the first time they had had a real leader, and they were quick to follow him. One expects to find him in the team against Scotland, by which time it is to be hoped that he will have found his goal-kicking boots again.

In that trial S. A. Block showed that he is amongst the most promising backs. He has, it is true, kicked better, but he proved that forward rushes had no terrors for him and that he knew how to tackle. One or two of his efforts in the latter department were splendid; he could not always save the tries, but he could, and did, stop the man with the ball. He should play for England before he is much older.

The youthful R. A. Gerrard, who is only nineteen, though he looks a lot older, should do lots more good work for England. He is strong and very determined.



R. S. Crisp

THE LONDON WELSH XV. WHICH BEAT THE WASPS

The two London Welsh Internationals, W. C. Powell and Jones-Davies, just tipped the scale in favour of their side in the recent encounter at Herne Hill v. The Wasps. The London Welsh won by 11 pts. to 8 pts. after a rattling good game. The names in the picture are (left to right, back row): W. Barrett, L. I. Jones, D. Bowen-Jones, W. A. V. Thomas, P. E. Gibbons, Idris Davies, E. M. Atkins and F. Instone. (Seated) S. L. Jones, Ray Thomas, T. J. Davies, W. C. Powell (Captain), T. E. Jones-Davies, Edryd Jones and R. V. Howell

Irishmen have won on their last two visits to Cardiff, and they will have their tails up to a certain extent, but Wales should win.

Englishmen should pray for an Irish triumph, as that would give England a chance of a third share in championship honours should they be equal to the task of defeating Scotland next week. You never can tell what is going to happen when Rose and Thistle meet; the two are a law unto themselves, and previous form often goes to the winds. Thus it does look as if England had a great chance, though we shall know more about it next week. I am afraid this must be written down a mediocre season from an international point of view. The Welsh revival, largely due to the exercise of more common sense in the selection-room, has produced the strongest side we have seen, South Africans included; but few people with experience would call them a really great team, especially when one remembers the giants of the past. They do not score enough tries, and it will ever remain a blot on their record that they threw away the match against Osler's men after having it in the hollow of their hands.

The Scottish and Irish sides are in a transition period, and both are anxiously awaiting the development of new blood. Most of their best men are in the sere and yellow leaf of their Rugby careers, and they are finding that youth will be served. Their trouble is to discover that youth, and each has had some disappointments. It may be a year or two before they recover their old prestige, but you never know.

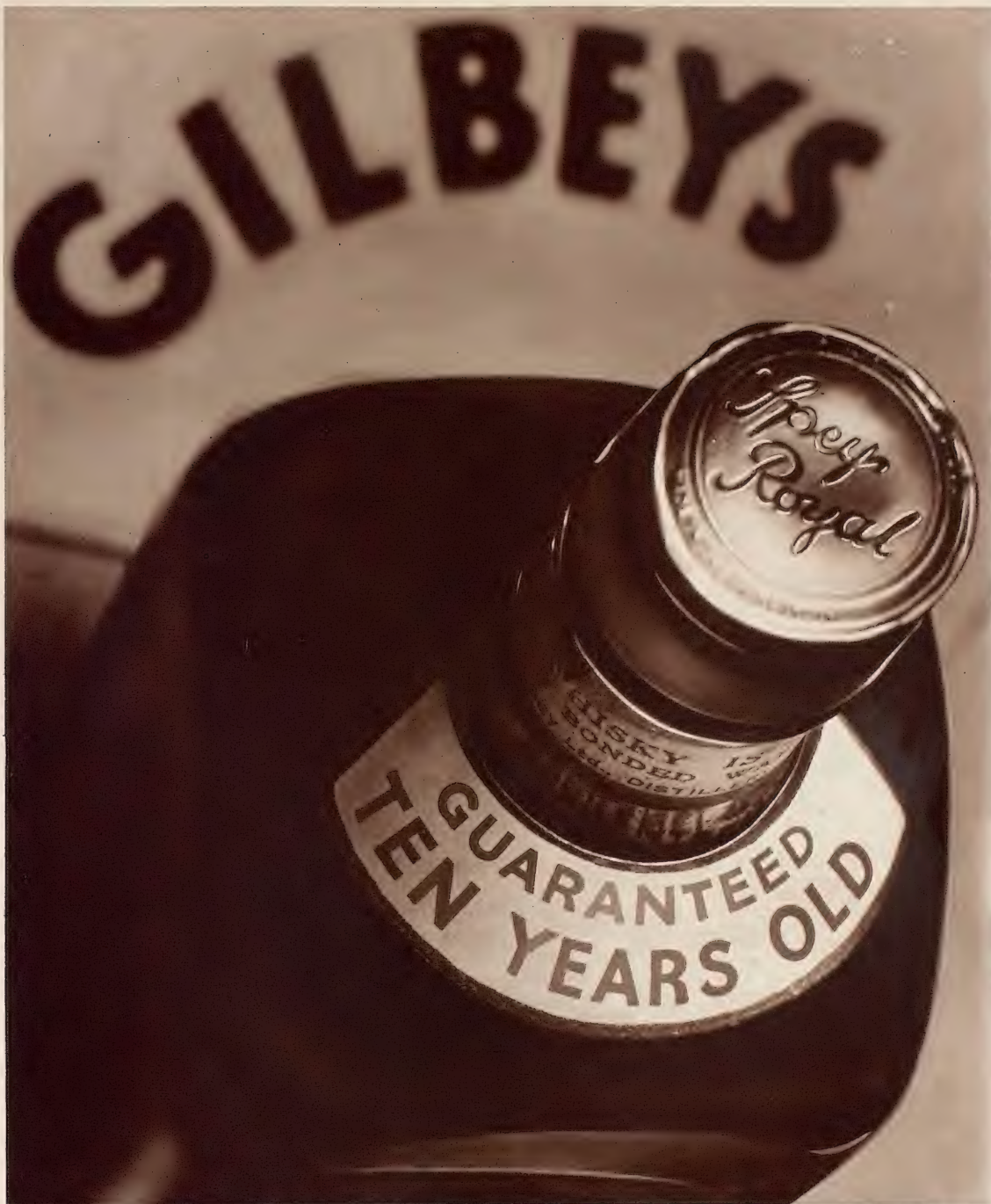
As to England, we know well enough that ours is not a vintage



R. S. Crisp

THE WASPS RUGBY F.C. XV.

The team which put up such a good fight against the formidable London Welsh (above) at Herne Hill. A page of pictures of The Wasps' 56th season celebration dinner appears on page 405 in this issue. The names in this group are (left to right, back row): O. T. Swanson, H. Fossett, J. G. Wigley, N. Compton, R. Y. Stevens, C. S. Airey, L. C. Paterson and E. G. Piper. (Seated) J. Cooke, J. Y. Broughton, J. Saunders, E. C. R. Hopkins (Captain), R. M. Swyer, E. A. Craven and O. S. Ruane



SPEY ROYAL WHISKY 12/6

This is a true story. After dinner one evening a friend of ours poured two whiskies into two liqueur glasses and submitted them to the judgment of an independent wine merchant. "What do you think of these?" he enquired. The wine merchant took the glasses, rolled the whisky round them, sniffed them carefully and sipped each in turn. Finally he selected one and pointing to it said "That's so good you'd enjoy it as a liqueur." The whisky was our ten year old Spey Royal.

Spey Royal is sold all the world over. The home trade bottle only is depicted.

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

Photograph by Maurice Beck

Bubble and Squeak



TWO TO ONE ON AND A DOG'S CHANCE!

A naval engagement off Southampton, in which the White Fleet cruisers look as if they were going to give the semi-submerged enemy a rather thin time of it before he gets back to port. The swan when angry is an extremely unpleasant creature to meet, as many a jolly young waterman has discovered ere now to his cost.

IN his "Reminiscences of an Indian Cavalry Officer," Colonel J. G. E. Western tells an amusing story concerning a certain lieutenant serving in India who, when home on leave, thought his social position would

be better upheld if he gave himself the rank of colonel, and with this rank he wooed and won a young English girl. On the voyage to India he began to break to his bride that their position in their new home would not be such a lofty one as she had contemplated. "One has to make the best of oneself—the fact is, I am not a colonel—I am only a major," he explained, after the vessel was a few days out from home. About midway through the voyage he lowered his rank to that of captain, and the evening before they reached their port of arrival he confessed that he was only a humble lieutenant.

The astonished bride, relating the story to her bosom friend, said: "I can't tell you, my dear, how thankful I was when we did arrive to find that he was not a sergeant."

AN angler went fishing in forbidden water. He knew the keeper would be coming along, so he baited his line with a carrot.

The keeper came. "You can't fish here," he said.

"Sorry; I didn't know I was trespassing," the angler replied. "I'm only just amusing myself."

He began to draw in his line. The keeper saw the carrot.

"What's that you're using as a bait?" he asked.

"Oh!" the keeper laughed. "You won't do much harm with that!" he said, walking off.

Later in the afternoon he returned and saw the angler with a tidy catch of trout. "You're not going to tell me you caught all that lot with a carrot?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, I only caught you with that."

A newspaper offering a guinea each for "embarrassing moment" letters received the following epistle:

"I work on an early night shift in a steel plant. I got home an hour early last night and I found there was a man with my wife. I was embarrassed. Please send me two guineas, as my wife was also embarrassed."

The editor, we are told, sent a cheque for three guineas, admitting the possibility that the stranger, too, might have been embarrassed.

Noticing a dour-faced Scot tugging at a stamp machine, a post-office official inquired what was the matter. It took the Scot several seconds to recover sufficiently from his emotion to speak.

"Ah put a penny in this," he began, "an' four stamps came oot." And he started hauling once again at the machine.

"But," exclaimed the official, "what's the idea? What's all the fuss about?"

"Look ye here, mon," said the other. "I put anither penny in, ye ken, an' naething's come oot. The thing's a swindle!"

He was turning the pages of his son's drawing-book, and came to a page that was blank except for the inscription "The pursuit of the Israelites across the Red Sea."

"But where's the sea?" asked the father.

"Oh, that has rolled back to allow the Israelites to pass," said the boy.

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They've just gone by," said the young artist, "and the pursuers have not yet come along."



MISS URSULA JEANS IN A NEW BRITISH FILM

Miss Ursula Jeans, who was in that good success at the Adelphi, "Grand Hotel," and played Flaemmchen, the wicked young woman, is busy playing the title rôle in the new film, "The Crooked Lady," which is being made at Twickenham. In private life, Miss Ursula Jeans is Mrs. Robin Irvine



*"And so to
bed—with
'Ovaltine'."*

Yvonne Arnaud

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who appeared in the successful revival of "AND SO TO BED" at the Globe Theatre, writes:—

"I recommend 'Ovaltine' as an excellent tonic beverage to keep you fit, and very good to soothe your nerves."

"Every night after my work at the theatre I take a cup of 'Ovaltine'—and so to bed."

"Ovaltine" stands supreme as the beverage which most certainly soothes the nerves, ensures sound sleep and rebuilds the worn cells and tissues of the brain, nerves and body. There is no food beverage more easily digested or more completely assimilated. It is the world's best "night-cap"—there is nothing "just as good."

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

IN all these discussions at Geneva upon the subject of the reformation of warfare, with a view to making it a far more gentlemanly pastime than it has been in the immediate

past, not one single word has been said about one particular form of "frightfulness"—the cowardly frightening of the other chap. If the gentlemen who have the matter in hand are sincere—and it must be believed that they are, for some of them even go so far as to suggest that fists should be the only weapons—they still leave this department of frightfulness untouched. Surely it is simply shrieking for their kind attention? Reducing the combat to the denomination of bunches of fives is not enough. This savage business of frightening intending fighters must be eliminated before warfare can advance any claims to gentility. In the barbarous places of the earth it may be quite the thing to make noises like a whole menagerie of dangerous wild animals before going into the fray, but it should not be lawful for really nice persons to do so. Yet, look at what we see all around us! Boxers are made to cultivate growling and snarling, to say nothing of snorting and attempting to bite; also they are allowed to publish in the Press the fact that they have "used up" all their wretched sparring partners. We read, for instance: "He" (a distinguished gladiator now very much in the public eye) "has used them all up—save one." (Curiously enough, the one who still held his job down was a Scotsman.) "They have packed up and gone home," it goes on; "one has a cut over an eye, the others have hurt their hands. Obviously the pace was too hot for them." And then this grim remark: "Sparring partners, or no sparring partners, Gains has thrived on his preparation in the hands of genial Jack Goodwin, whose jokes have preserved the Canadian's care-free spirit, and been a source of joy to the whole camp—even to the sparring partners." Jokes? I don't think I quite get the great idea. How can you "joke" when all your molars and incisors are so loose that you hardly dare to blow your nose (if any); your eyes are like bad oysters and your ears so swollen that you could not hear even the wittiest remark? And, anyway, is this sort of thing fair? If frightfulness is to be barred, Geneva must try to make a clean job of it. Half-measures will not do!

Things one has felt in one's bones were bound to come: (1) The Bright Young have described William Shakespeare

as "toppin'"; (2) a mute in his "beerials" has gone Berserk between interments and made whoopee on the effigy of a pig on a round-about; and (3) a racing motorist has advertised

for a man-eating Bengal tiger on the hire-purchase system. In connection with (3) the advertiser guarantees "no cruelty." To whom, or to which?

Mr. Owen Culbertson, of New York, has been so kind in sending me various specimens of his beautifully turned-out publications in connection with sport, principally fox-hunting, that it goes against the grain to be compelled to say anything unkind about the latest book which he has

sent me, especially as it is a signed copy. It is a republication of "Nimrod" Apperley's famous brochure, *The Chase*, in which, incidentally, as in most of the rest of his lucubrations, "Pomponius Ego" talks principally of himself with that pride which apes humility of which he was so great a master. "Snob," the hero of this pilgrimage to Leicestershire, was the author of the story. Mr. Culbertson has done his part in this republication most admirably in his introduction, but his effort is discounted by the choice he has made of an artist. On the cover to this book we are told that the book "is now printed separately and with the first illustrations since those by Alken . . . the artist is a prominent Belgian sportsman whose drawings are the best testimony of his life-long familiarity with horses and hounds." I abominate italics, but they are mine in this particular instance. I disagree entirely. I am sorry to have to be emphatic, but I am compelled to be so. This artist knows nothing about horses or fox-hounds, or how a man should be placed on the back of a horse. It is obvious that the artist knows less than nothing about fox-hunting. It is only necessary to cite in proof one picture—that which faces page 35 and is called "The Check." Here we see some hunt servant very busy with his whip on a couple and a half of weird-looking things like pointers, which are supposed to be endeavouring to pick up the line. The field, in the meanwhile, is displayed standing or walking about all over the place, instead of standing still well back from the spot where the hounds threw up. Mr. E. P. Buyck was very foolish to try to draw people in hunting clothes, and still more foolish to attempt to draw a fox-hound. What a pity Mr. Culbertson did not employ Lionel Edwards, my little friend "Snaffles," or Cecil Aldin, or someone like them!

(Continued on p. vii)



THE 1932 CURZON CUP WINNERS AT ST. MORITZ

The Curzon Cup winning eight and its supporters taken at St. Moritz the other day—more or less. The names in the group are (standing): Major D. G. Oliver, Col. Thomas Badrule, the Comte de Torso and Signor Baseglia; (seated) Mr. O. Bryner, Captain J. Coats, Mr. H. H. Morgan, Lord Grimthorpe, who won the Cup, the Comte R. de Vibraye and M. A. Abeylegn



MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH AT PALM BEACH, MIAMI

One of the few English visitors to one of America's best sun-spots on the Florida coast. The actual spot where this attractive picture was taken was Breakers Bay, Palm Beach

YOUR HAIR IS NOW MORE OF THE PICTURE

In the modern revealing mode your hair will make or mar the picture in which fashion decrees that it shall be the dainty, intriguing frame to the face. To-day the hat of your choice demands the perfect coiffure—at first sight the picture must please. Three essential features go to make your hair smart, youthful and sublimely beautiful; down-like softness, lustre and delicate fragrance. Houbigant's Single Friction Lotion will impart all these three by a single, simple method. Applied by the hairdresser, from a sealed *individual* flacon—after the shampoo, but before the wave—it quickly rinses the hair of all oil and soap residues, leaving it soft, lustrous and adaptable to the mode of your choice, fragrant with perfume of delicately balanced strength.



Fragrances:
QUELQUES FLEURS, AU MATIN
BOIS DORMANT, FLEUR BIENAIMÉE
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SINGLE FRICTION LOTION

OBTAINABLE AT AND APPLIED IN
HAIRDRESSING ESTABLISHMENTS EXCLUSIVELY

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

The "Minx."

I SUPPOSE that very few new motor-cars, including those which had already been announced some weeks beforehand, have ever made a more promising début at the Show than the Hillman Minx. And its enthusiastic reception was entirely justified, firstly by the honoured name it bears, and secondly because it embodied some excellent features of design. Until Autumn, 1931, it can fairly be said that most light cars suffered from two prominent disabilities, to wit, they rarely held with comfort their full complement of full-sized passengers, and if they put up a good performance it was generally accompanied by "fussiness." For these reasons many people, to my knowledge, have refused to consider a light car as a practical proposition. Now the Minx was one of the first, if not the first, in which a serious attempt was made to get away from the foolishness of the squeezed-up body. One could and did test that at Olympia, and one could and did also realize that good external looks were not incompatible with the combination of ample roominess and a short wheel-base. Another thing was that under Roote's tutelage this Minx had been built to do its job of work abroad equally well as at home, hence it was visibly good and strong as well as good and light in weight. Well, the Show was quite a long time ago, and the early Minxes (or is it Minxes?) are only just beginning to come off the "assembly line."

And the reason is that those responsible would not say the word "Go" until they were satisfied that they had got something out of the ordinary. And there is no doubt in my mind that they have, since in a few months they have incorporated some very big practical improvements. Chief amongst these is that idea of "cushioned power." The power plant is so cradled in rubber supports that vibration is reduced to what can truthfully be called the imperceptible minimum, whilst that usually worrying "over-run," which occurs when you lift your sole off the gas, is completely eliminated. Until I went Minxing the

other day I would not have believed that a bit of rubber, put in strategically the right place, could have made such a world of difference. The willing little engine is so smooth and quiet—even when fully let loose—that it is a most delightful thing to control, and I can testify that it genuinely has that not easily to be described quality, the "big car feel." This impression, which in itself is sufficiently pleasing, is enhanced by the quiet amazingly good springing. One cannot give higher praise to this than to say that it is up to the standard of that of the Wizard. The fact is I sat for some pretty fast miles in the back

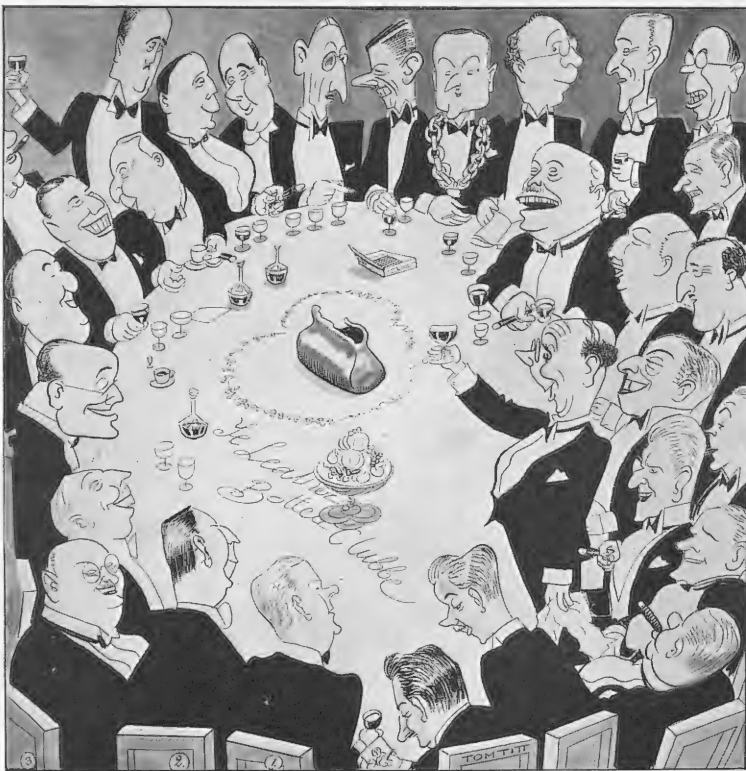
of the Minx and marvelled, for to all appearances the suspension is quite orthodox. But clearly there is a secret somewhere, and the Hillman technicians have discovered it. Incidentally, since its Olympian bow the Minx has been given a new radiator shape, simple but individual; a dropped frame that glues it still tighter to the road, and a "streamline" type of head to the saloon, all of which help to make it a still more remarkable product.

And Another.

Just recently I attended a very jolly little function to welcome the introduction of another of that new generation of enlightened light cars which, I am certain, are destined to make much motoring history, and incidentally, do the export business more than a little good. This, too, was a Coventry proposition, in the form of a Singer Ninc. To a road trial of this I look forward with much interest, and

especially since I have heard such fine accounts of its behaviour. Carefully examined in the show-rooms, it appears to be all that the most critical could wish, and its specification is quite wonderful. The standard model saloon is priced at £167 10s., and is a fine example of what can be done by bold enterprise. It is a roomy six light design, with sliding roof, Triplex glass all round, real leather upholstery, Leveroll sliding separate front seats, bumpers fore and aft, and every imaginable item of equipment—and the whole thing is beautifully finished. That would in itself be notable enough, but you are to remember

(Continued on p. xiv)

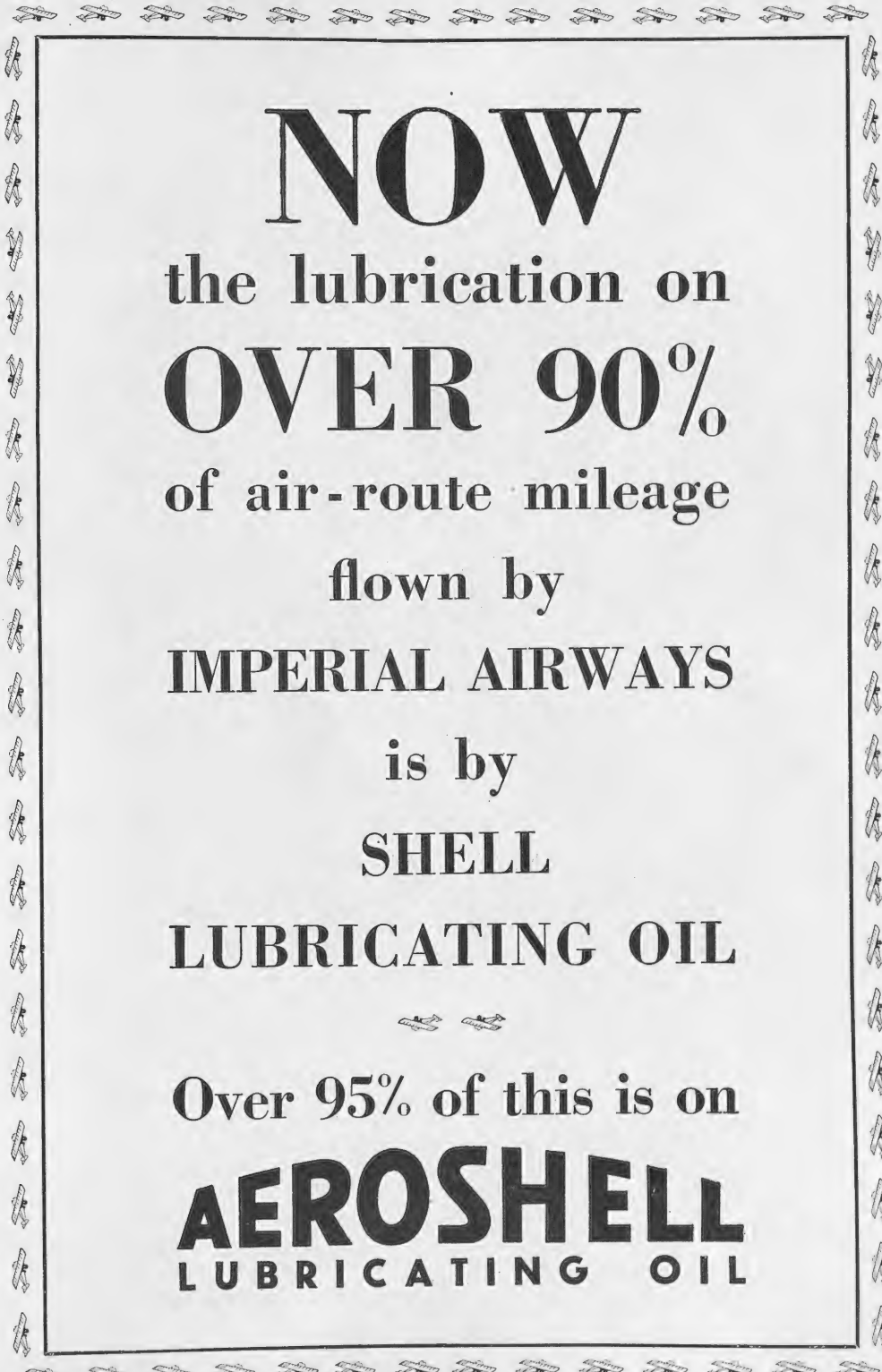


YE OLDE LEATHER BOTTEL CLUBBE DINNER, 1932

An impression by "Tom Titt" of this cheery gathering, which happened at the Charing Cross Hotel, Mr. H. A. Porter, the president of the clubbe, being in the chair. The clubbe was founded many years ago at the Leather Bottel Inn, Cobham, Kent, and the membership is restricted to twenty souls, who are fond of good food and good wine. Membership is for life, and resignation is not accepted. One of the treasures of the clubbe is its minute book—an hilarious record of the clubbe's alleged proceedings during the year, and the reading of the minutes forms one of the "high lights" at the annual dinner. The Spring and Autumn Golf Meetings take place at the Rochester and Cobham Golf Club's course. Occasional lunches are organized in town

The names in this picture, reading left to right from No. 1 round the table, are: Messrs. H. N. Fletcher, W. Davison, W. C. Fletcher, G. Sunnucks, B. R. Hunter, W. Burton, A. Ballard, R. E. Russell, J. M. Weddell, J. Bennett, H. J. Bretton, W. Dove, J. E. Morgan, H. A. Porter (chairman), A. Bourke, S. Edenborough, G. R. Barnett-Smith, E. Vitall, F. G. Cable, H. Kirby, who is standing proposing the toast, "Old Soldiers Never Die"; G. Manners, "Tom Titt," and some others

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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of air-route mileage
flown by
IMPERIAL AIRWAYS
is by
SHELL
LUBRICATING OIL



Over 95% of this is on

AEROSHELL
LUBRICATING OIL

COCO-NUTS OR CO-INCIDENCE

By
DOROTHEA BIRKETT

LADY MABEL was a wild thing. Quite untamed, quite inconsequent. One never knew what she would or would not do next, for she never knew herself. Life for her appeared all fun and frolic. But a few of her friends knew that she had a heart, and a heart with a sadness in it; an Irish heart all through, gay to hide the shadow which crossed it. Ethel and Dick knew, and whilst we were steaming over the long harbour in Dick's launch Ethel told me of that sorrow. It was lovely in the harbour, that beautiful natural Eastern harbour, in the fierce sun-light, surrounded by gaunt, sandy-coloured sun-baked hills edged with deep blue palm-bordered groves, beyond the emerald mangrove swamps and the small, knobby islands breaking the near line of view. We were making for one of those islands, the one where the old cave temples stood—full of ugly stone gods whose faces, heads, figures, and gestures symbolized various manifestations of revered, devout faith of the past. Lady Mabel was bubbling over with jokes and fun farther down the deck; the little group around her were delighted with her wit—which was sharpening their own. We were all happy and feeling cool with the breeze of the journey. And Ethel was telling me of Lady Mabel's other side, the hidden sorrow of her heart which ached for the laughter and companionship of a small child of her own, for she had been married seven years but had no child.

"She had better go to see the Red Fakir at the little temple on the island when we land after lunch," I said half-teasingly, yet wondering if there was anything in these Yoga occult things. "All the native women go to him when they want a son, and he has the name of being a wonderful old man in spite of his extra asceticism. I have seen him often sitting outside his little temple and have been allowed to look into his sacred temple, which is full of quaint treasures, little lace handkerchiefs, watches, real English watches, and brass and copper ornaments and pots, little bits of ribbon and jewellery, silk scarves, tit-bits, and rare bits, the toll of fulfilled prophecies and blessings."

Ethel called Lady Mabel and she came smilingly to sit down beside us. Ethel told her of the fakir and his foretellings and promises and Lady Mabel said she must see him.

"The old fakir was sitting outside the temple"



After a feast of a luncheon, which was an hilarious meal full of fun and wit, we landed at the little harbour pier; Dick was asked to act as interpreter and told of the reason of our visit to the fakir. He said he did not like the job; he did not believe in asking the help of other religions whose ways and meanings we did not understand, as one never knew with those sort of things if there was truth in them or devil's play and it was a dangerous game. Dick was very Scottish! But Lady Mabel, he, and I separated from the rest of the party and climbed up the well-worn path over the polished stones, shining with the tread of many pilgrim feet, to the little temple. The old fakir was sitting outside the cave temple on a grass mat; a strip of that soft, orangy pink religious coloured cloth was his only clothing and his thin, brown body was swaying gently to and fro. He was repeating some mantra or holy breathing invoking the aid of his gods. His eyes shone like the blades of swords polished to perfection with life-giving thought.

Dick spoke to him and introduced Lady Mabel, and told him the reason of our visit.

"Peace be with you," said the holy man, "and does the mem-sahib love her husband?" he asked.

"Oh yes," answered Lady Mabel.

"Does the mem-sahib love anyone else?" the holy one inquired again.

"Certainly not!" she answered.

"The mem-sahib shall have her wish granted; within a year a man-child shall be born to her, and after he is born the mem-sahib shall pay to my holy temple 200 coco-nuts. Breathe deep mem-sahib, make a mentalized picture of your desire, and I will pray for you. Pass on sahibs, I must continue to call for aid."

That was years ago, five or perhaps six. The world had changed since the care-free day. War had made it wild and

(Continued on p. vi)

HIGHEST EXHIBITION AWARDS
SYDNEY 1880, MELBOURNE 1881, PARIS 1889, ADELAIDE 1897, DUNEDIN 1890, JAMAICA 1897, RIVER 1892, BRISBANE 1897, CHRISTCHURCH 1922, 1927, 1932

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, KILMARNOCK, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, GLASGOW, LONDON, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, BRISBANE, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN, JAMAICA, RIVER, 1820, 1897, 1922, 1927, 1932

There's a drop for you!

Johnnie Walker

Born 1820—Still going strong



KENT County Foursomes for once have been lucky in the weather. Cold may have been their portion—what else can you expect in February?—but neither a deluge nor an ice age actually descended upon them, and the last two days, at Chislehurst and The Wildernesse respectively, were entirely well-behaved. So, on the whole, were the players. Perhaps it was a trifle reprehensible of Mrs. Ayscough and Mrs. Hyett to lose at the 19th after being dorny 1 on Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Moberley at Chislehurst, but then fortune and the last blade of grass in front of a bunker did put up rather a stout defence for those two. Perhaps it was equally blameworthy of Mrs. Hutchinson's side to fritter away a good early lead in the semi-final there against Mrs. Spielman and Miss Ridge, but as they won in the end they must be forgiven. Of course their most evil deed of all was when they laid themselves a stymie on the 18th green of the 36-hole final at The Wildernesse, and so lunched all square instead of 2 up; but there again, they won in the end, so no complaints are really logical.

Chislehurst is one of those courses which respond kindly to local knowledge, of which Mrs. Hutchinson is brimful, but it is also quite desirable to have length there (although it is so short that the par stands at 71), and neither Mrs. Hutchinson nor Miss Moberley number hard hitting amongst



Winners of the Kent County Handicap Foursomes: Miss Moberley and Mrs. Hutchinson, who beat Miss Rutledge and Mrs. Knox-Gore 2 and 1 in the final at The Wildernesse

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

their chief qualities. But Mrs. Hutchinson is steadiness personified, except on those few and unfortunate occasions when she hits the ball on that portion of the golf club which is never mentioned in polite golfing society.

There were several such occasions at Chislehurst; there was one of them at the Wildernesse, sending a cold shudder down the spines of spectators only comparable to that produced by seeing a horse come down, or a car skid. Mrs. Hutchinson must have shuddered, but she did the wise thing—took an entirely different club, and played an entirely different type of shot when there was another opportunity to s— I mean to play a devastating shot, and so all was well. With the longer iron shots up to the hole she was most effective, and so was Miss Moberley, especially out of bunkers, whether it was a case of brute force for an

of a most charming course. Silver birches, firs of all sorts, beeches, elms, a cedar or two round the magnificent club house—they are a perfect joy to look at, and they govern the playing of the majority of the holes without in anyway putting unfair fingers in the pie.

"The Bystander" Trophy is to be played for there on March 23, with all sorts of distinguished couples such as Mrs. R. O. Porter and George Duncan, Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell, possibly Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Molly Goulay, Miss Diana Fishwick, and their respective supporters. These are a few of the names with which rumour is already busy. Addington Palace's first pair will definitely be the Girl Champion, Miss Pauline Doran, and Fred Robson. They, of course, will know that the trees, though they may frighten you, have really not the slightest power to stop your doing a brilliant score there. Other couples may be frightened, but they will enjoy themselves to the full, of that there is no doubt. For a more gloriously attractive spot it would be hard to discover. "The Bystander" entries close on March 16, so that if anybody burns to go and see the trees there is still time for them to stir up their club, their pro., and then set about stirring up the birds which by March 23 will probably be settling down to nesting operations in the trees. What a rude awakening some of the poor feathered folk will have that day.



Looking on the bright side: Mrs. Drysdale, Kent County's new honorary secretary

explosion, or guile, as when she patted out of the sandstone dead at the critical 8th hole in the morning. That was a nasty moment for Mrs. Knox-Gore and Miss Rutledge, who had lost their early lead and were struggling with a good deal of adversity; that putt of Miss Moberley's from the sand kept the match square, and square was the best that Miss Rutledge's side could do for the rest of the day. Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Moberley received 1 stroke in each 18 holes; they lunched square, they were square at the turn in the afternoon, 3 up at the 14th.

Then came a sudden change which raised great hopes of a 19th hole in the heart of sensationally-minded onlookers. At the 15th Miss Rutledge holed a 3-yard putt; at the 16th Mrs. Hutchinson paid a somewhat needless visit to a pond, picturesque but disastrous. There was a shaky moment at the 17th but Mrs. Hutchinson pulled herself sternly together for a last supreme effort, holed a good putt, and so her side won 2 and 1. They had deserved it, and the gallery had to rest content with a real good match and no nineteenth.

The Wildernesse was in perfect order. Why the club should possess such an ultra-superior thing in foot-wipers, nobody quite knows (except that the Country Club is really too luxurious to be invaded with one speck upon your shoes), for anything drier than the lovely old turf all over the course it would be impossible to imagine. Greens, too, were excellent, so that nobody could think of adequate excuses for bad putts. As for the trees, I should doubtless be raving about them as taking first prize of any golf course collection it had ever been my good luck to see (except for their near neighbours at Knole Park), if I had not made acquaintance a couple of days before with Addington Palace.

Now I defy anybody to go to Addington Palace, play a round, and come away again without declaring that, whether you admire trees as hazards or no, they are one of the great charms



Miss Rosemary Leetham, one of Yorkshire's stalwarts, puts in some putting practice



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The Highway

By M. E.

Many Surprises.

THERE have been many surprises at the Spring Fashion Parades. Perhaps the most startling was an evening dress of white piqué; it was cut on princess lines with a square neckline, and the flare began some inches before the knees were reached. It really was an interesting piece of "patch-work," as the cords of the piqué were dove-tailed in such a manner that they formed geometrical designs. Another evening dress of a pale duck's-egg blue shade was carried out in wool. There is no limit to the variations on the coatee, cape, and blouse themes.

Cape Coatees.

Talking about coatees reminds me that I recently saw Lady Anglesey in a white satin evening dress with a sash

draped round the waist and knotted at the back. The skirt was arranged with a panel of pleats on one side, while the fullness at the base of the draped neck-line was caught with a diamond brooch, her cape coatee being lined with primrose yellow. Lady de Capell-Brooke is among those fortunate people whom purple suits. She has a purple

Fashion is never at a standstill. Vanité, 8, Sloane Street, introduces appliquéd revers and collar on this majolica blue frieze suit, completing the scheme with a printed shantung blouse. See p. ii

Softly falling frills and an Empire coatee are very important features of this printed chiffon evening dress; it may be seen in the Corot salons, where a satisfactory system of payment by instalments prevails. See p. ii

There are many difficult angles to be overcome when replenishing the Spring wardrobe. Corot, 33, Old Bond Street, overcomes them. This evening dress is of printed chiffon with cowl drapery, flowers and moulded hips

(Continued on p. ii)

of Fashion

BROOKE

lace evening ensemble; the corsage is draped, and strappings are introduced on the hips. The sleeves of the bolero are very full from the elbows; this is quite a new idea.

Concerning Coat-Frocks.

Mrs. Gardner Wallis considers that coat-frocks are just right for race meetings, as they make an ideal background for double fox stoles, or may be worn under a wrap coat should the weather be rather arctic, as it frequently is for the Grand National. She regards with favour chipmunk, the fur about which everyone is talking, and has chosen a tweed coat-frock in which the colourings of this fur are present; they are mingled with those of the barks of trees. It is finished with collar, cuffs, and flowers of white piqué. With it she wears white gauntlet gloves and a bérêt.

Lady McIntock is not superstitious regarding green; she is wearing a dark olive-green coat-frock, the cross-over bodice reinforced with a crêpe-de-chine scarf collar. As the vogue for drawn-thread work is very pronounced Lady Colquhoun has had it introduced in a deep brick-red coat

frock. The bodice is cut in a deep V; nevertheless the white piqué collar fits the neck closely. Lines of drawn-thread work are arranged down the front of it, and from elbows to wrist. Gloria Swanson was recently lunching at the Berkeley in an all-black outfit; a small eye-veil accentuated the almost Japanese effect of her "make-up."

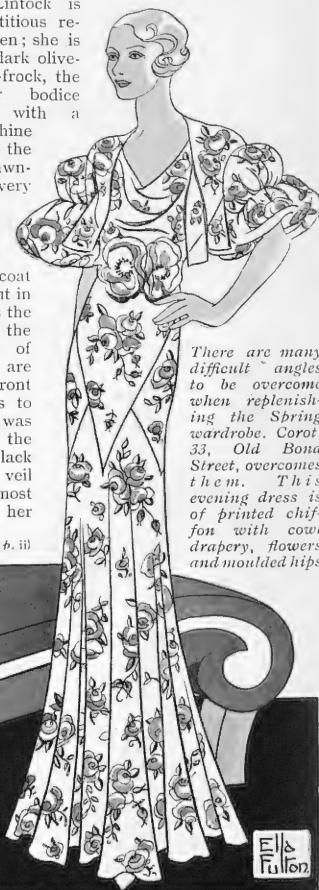
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(Continued on p. ii)



E. J. Fulford



Supple and audacious
little berets . . .
with a youthful line.



Margaret
Barry LTD.

Hats: 18 BROOK STREET, W.1

Sports Clothes: 64 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Blouses: 42 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Mirrors Reflect Peach Shades.

Surely in the days to come godmothers will bring to the cradles of the little people mirrors that reflect peach colourings. And if the leaders of fashion want to know all about these mirrors they must visit Corot's (33, Old Bond Street) new evening dress salons, as they are panelled with these. They do not shed their unique powers indiscriminately, but they give the impression that one is really looking well, and years younger than it was deemed possible. The carpet is most attractive and so are the draperies. To put the matter in a nutshell I consider that choosing a dress in these salons is a mental tonic.

Payment by Instalments.

And then there is the Corot system of payment by instalments. It is simple and practical, one payment down and six subsequent ones; for instance, 12s. would be the amount of the instalments for a £4 4s. dress, and a guinea for a £7 7s. dress. A point that is frequently overlooked is that the frocks and wraps may be made to measure if desired. From the Corot album, sent gratis and post free, an idea of the scope of this firm's activities may be gleaned. Naturally a visit is much to be desired.

Fashion's Spring Moods.

Naturally fashion has many moods during the Spring; these are represented in their most charming guises in the Corot salons. Note the printed chiffon evening frock on the left of p. 420. The coatée is adjustable; it is arranged with an Empire effect which is particularly becoming to the slender woman; it is simply knotted in front, hence it can, if desired, fall in graceful lines, terminating just below the normal waist line. When the coat is removed it is noticeable that the dress is cut in a deep "V" at the back; of course, the hiatus could be filled in if desired. The evening frock on the right is also of printed chiffon; it is, however, of a totally different character. It will be seen that the sleeves of the Josephine coatée are puffed, and there is the double frill which is absolutely "it" in the world of dress to-day. There is the cowl drapery at the neck, flowers at the waist, moulded hips, and the inverted organ-pipe pleats. Again, there is a simple satin evening dress; it is a perfect exponent of "apparent simplicity."

Women of Individuality.

Women of individuality always like to dress at Vanité's, 8, Sloane Street, as from experience they know that this artist in dress brings out, in the cleverest manner possible, their good points casting a cloud over the pronounced curves.

She is particularly skilful in designing affairs for dignified women; she declares that every figure has its possibilities. She is responsible for the tailored suit in the centre of p. 420. It is made of majolica blue frieze; of course, it could be copied

if desired she uses blue silk as a foundation. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white crêpe de chine, accompanied by kilted bérêts with a cache-peigne of primroses and forget-me-nots. These flowers trimmed the kilted muffs, and were used for the bouquets, interspersed with dyed ostrich feathers.



New laurels will be won for the tailored suit this season. Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., are responsible for those pictured. The one above is of black and white tweed, while the golf suit on the right has a tweed skirt and a suede coat blouse with adjustable collar

in any colour desired. An important feature of the coat is that the collar and revers are appliquéd down so that they lie perfectly flat; then note the arrangement of the skirt; the cost is 7½ guineas; naturally the blouse is extra, viz., 3 guineas. It is carried out in printed shantung; there are frills in front; they are kilted and are quite flat. The sleeves are elbow length.

White Weddings.

Vanité is delighted with the vogue for white weddings. Doubtless this is because she has been pre-eminently successful with the brides' and bridesmaids' dresses she has designed and carried out. For an early-Spring bride she created a snow-white wedding dress cut on classical lines. Fearing that the whiteness might be a little trying to the complexion, she posed it on the palest pink silk. When an ice-white

The True Tailored Suit.

The return of the blouse is responsible for the vogue of the true tailor-made, or should it be vice-versa? At any rate Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, tailored suits are perfectly cut, admirably tailored, and expressed in delightful materials and are all British. Women who entrust the building of the Spring tailor-made to them know that success is assured, and they need not give the matter another thought. Illustrated on the left of this page is a coat and skirt, which is built on non-committal lines; therefore it will remain undated indefinitely. It looks well in tweed suitings and a variety of other



materials. The golf suit portrayed consists of a tweed skirt and suede coat blouse with an adjustable collar; when motoring one of this firm's admirable wrap coats might be added. On application this firm would send their catalogue containing prices, also patterns of materials.

The NEW ANGLE on HATS

NARROW BRIMS AND SHALLOW CROWNS

Hats have taken another header this Spring—starting from a high point at the back of the head—each and every hat settles down becomingly over the right eye! Flowers are very much in evidence too, usually banked-up high on the back—while the season's favourite is destined to be a youthful-looking "sailor" in coarse straw—two versions of which are shown here. Come to Marshall & Snelgrove and get your first vision of Spring Millinery—you'll be delighted both from point of view and pocket-book!



Ballibuntal Hat—trimmed with petersham ribbon. Navy, natural, brown, beige, red, blue, gold and black **45/-**



A version of the "Sailor"—in coarse straw. Colours, beige, navy, brown, red, green, blue, black and white **21/9**



Hat of Liseret lac, achieving the high banked-up effect at back by means of coloured flowers. In black, brown or navy **55/-**

"Sailor" of coarse straw with bandeau and taffeta bow, in several colours **39/6**



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MARSHALL
and
SNELGROVE

From March 14 to April 9 THE "STANBRIG EORLS" DOLLS HOUSE will be on exhibition in the Sports Hall. This delightful miniature Elizabethan Manor House is exhibited in aid of the BRITISH LEGION, Chelsea Branch, and Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. It is under the Patronage of His Grace The Duke of Atholl. The Admission is 1/-, Remember the date, March 14 to April 9.

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TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

An Umbrella with Many Covers.

In the old days women possessed one umbrella, carried it on all occasions, and never troubled whether it harmonized with their dress or not; it must be confessed it was usually black and rather cumbersome. All this is changed, and it is necessary for the umbrella to complete the colour scheme of the ensemble; therefore an enthusiastic



AN UMBRELLA WITH ADJUSTABLE
COVERS AND HANDLES

welcome has been given to the model with several extra covers and handles; this is a great advantage, especially when travelling, as women do not like being cumbered with many umbrellas. The covers and handles can be removed and others adjusted in the fraction of a second. The umbrella itself is a guinea, the extra handles

are 2s. 6d. each, and the covers 7s. 6d.; it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Messrs. Cummings, Poultry, E.C.2, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

A "Hearing Bag."

To the casual observer there is nothing unusual about this handbag, but actually it contains a Fortiphone for the Deaf, arranged so that it can be used without removal from the bag. When walking, the bag is carried in the usual way; when shopping or lunching, the bag can stand on the counter or table, or rest on the lap, the inconspicuous little midget earpiece on its slender black cord being first withdrawn and placed in the ear. Both hands are free.

The advantages of this bag to women who do not care to wear a hearing aid concealed on the person are that it avoids the necessity for carrying both a bag and a separate carrying case for the hearing aid; and that, when the hearing aid is not in use, the fact that its possessor is deaf is not betrayed. The bags are obtainable in black or brown leather, and contain, in addition to the Fortiphone, the usual accessories of mirror and purse, besides providing ample space for handkerchief, keys, etc. They may be seen and tested at the Fortiphone, Ltd., on the third floor of Langham House, 308, Regent Street, W.1.



A FORTIPHONE HEARING BAG
FOR THE DEAF

Nurses Appointment Bureau.

Owing to the popularity of the Cow and Gate new service, to provide nurses and nursery governesses, special offices have had to be opened at 1A, Grosvenor Gardens, for interviewing. Many nurses and nursery governesses of the highest standing are on their books, and they invite inquiries from mothers. Anyone interested in the subject must write (without obligation) for particular forms to the Secretary.



Seated photo

● Original Model by
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* * *

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'VIYELLA'

Regd.

Coco-nuts or Co-incidence—*cont. from p. 416*

heart-rent. I had not heard of Lady Mabel at all; she had left for England the day after the water picnic. Dick and Ethel had been carried away on the flowing tide which changes an Indian station. We were very cut off from the world then, as the mails took irregular intervals to arrive. Yet by the way, only two of those mail steamers did not succeed in appearing with their cargo of bags of letters and papers, in all those long years of the War, and one of those sank only at the entrance of that beautiful harbour, and some of us even got our precious letters delivered by the tide after they were washed ashore. A wonderful record for our Navy, which I for one am always ready to honour and praise. So when we saw a mail steamer steam up the harbour to cast anchor, she was hailed with delight.

On one Thursday a ship had come through, through the menace of elements, of submarines, through the terror of mines, bringing news from our beloved England; the scraps of news which cheer and refresh the soul. The letters were dated a month ago, as the ships came slowly sometimes. Amongst my letters was one from Lady Mabel. I had to look at the signature at the end to see whom it was from, as the writing was strange to me.

Was I still in —? she asked. Her conscience was pricking her. It was Robby, funnily enough, who had reminded her. He was nearly five now; such a darling. He had brought a shell of a coco-nut to hang in the garden for his friends, the birds, to nest in. He had brought it in to show her, and seeing it in his hands, she had remembered her promise to the steely-eyed old Yogi on the island. Would I go across and pay him. It was 200 coco-nuts she thought, but pay him 300 please, and tell him and give him all sorts of nice messages from her. Tell him that Robby was the joy of her life. He was such a darling. Had I heard from Ethel and Dick? Dick was in or on the North Sea doing so well. Ethel was as wan as ever. She was enjoying life between the sorrows and horrors of the War. Hoped I was. Pay him quick.

That was on a Thursday. I saw Dick's successor on the lawn of the gymkhana that evening, and asked if he could produce a launch for the islands on Sunday, as I had a job there.

On Sunday we started off, Captain Byng, his pretty wife, and two or three War-time friends who wanted to see the island and its ruins and gods. And stowed below were 300 coco-nuts.

It was refreshing and calming on the water; the air came cool from the breeze we made travelling along. We sat watching the docks and town fly past as we travelled, resting and talking and laughing. It was a nice trip, a pleasant little luncheon, and then we landed on the

little stone quay, and lazily walked in the steaming hot sunshine up the hill to the little temple. I asked Captain Byng to come with me, and we were followed by the lascars in their blue dungaree jumpers embroidered with multi-coloured flowers and animals, tied in at the waist with red cummerbunds, carrying the coco-nuts in large baskets on their heads. The old fakir was sitting on his mat outside the temple, gently swaying his holy body and repeating his mantra. He had not altered, and I told him so.

"Ah, but I have advanced," he said, "I am attaining. What do the sahib-log want?"

"We have come to pay a debt," Captain Byng explained. "An English lady sahib writes that she owes you 200 coco-nuts, so we have brought them. She is grateful, she wishes us to say, and the baba-sahib is a fine boy, growing up."

"But it is too late," said the fakir. "The child is dead. I thought of the mem-sahib last moon. I had not thought of her for a long time. She had not paid me, and the child is dead."

We argued, we said he could not know, here was a letter from the mem-sahib arriving only last mail, telling of her boy and that he was well.

"But it is too late," was all that the fakir would say.

We left the coco-nuts outside the temple, and retreated unhappily. It was a dull trip home. Captain Byng, who had lightly studied occultism and Eastern philosophies, was disturbed. He said such things did happen, that they could happen, but he hoped it was not true; we must forget the fakir's sayings.

The next mail arrived on Tuesday. I looked hastily through my budget of letters hoping not to see that scrawly writing. But there was a letter from Lady Mabel.

Robby had died three days after she had written to me. She was broken-hearted. "He came running in from the garden all flushed and excited, talking of his friends the birds and their new nests. I hustled him up the stairs to get ready for luncheon, and he ran on in front of me. Half-way up he stopped, one hand on the banister, whilst the other darling hand he put through his beautiful yellow curls.

"Member my coco-nuts, mummy," he said, and fell down.

"That was all" he said, "Member my coco-nuts, mummy." He had been putting them up in the garden."

She was broken-hearted. It was something to do with his brain. If only he had not talked of coco-nuts. Life was too hard.

Why did such tragedies happen, I pondered. How did it happen? Was it the fakir or was it co-incidence? Who can say? But Robby had died, last moon, before the delayed debt had been paid.

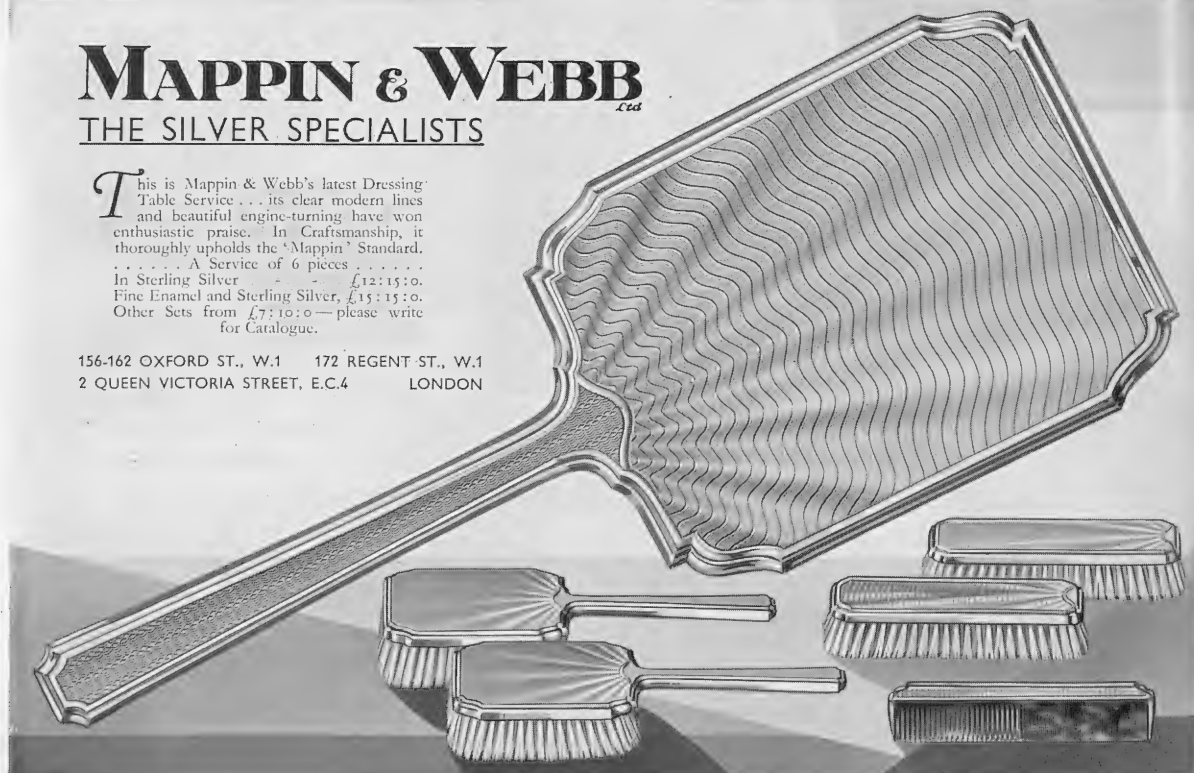
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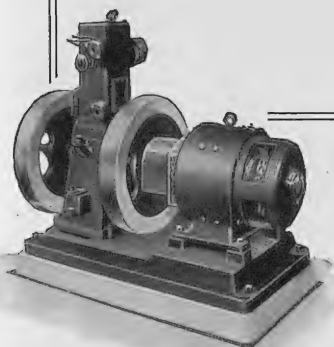
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Service Advertising

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 412)

It is possible that those whose duty it is at our centres of military learning to instruct their students in the ugly game of war will have found the despatches (unofficial) describing the powder play in the Far East a little irritating by reason of the loose wording of them same. To the greater number of unprofessional persons who have to report an operation of war the terms "strategy" and "tactics" are synonymous terms, and they are so employed quite frequently in a charmingly indiscriminate manner. Of course, both these things have the same end in view, namely, the bashing of the other cove good and hearty and, if possible, handing him the go-to-by-bye punch—the point or the "mark" is the main objective, and in war the enemy's main army—for that is the only thing that matters, victory on the main front meaning victory everywhere. There is, nevertheless, a little difference in the meaning of these two words. Let us cite, as an example which may help any student who may want to know, that Strategy can be likened to getting a horse into the right spot at an obstacle, and that Tactics comprise the operation by which the gentleman on top endeavours to remain with a view to arrival at the other side still in co-partnership. Or perhaps to the golfer it might be said that the one thing is the approach shot, and the other the putting operation, or again, the leading of a horse to water with the big idea of getting him to drink. Strategy, as it is quite unnecessary to point out to the erudite, is derived from a Greek verb



Hugh Thomson

WITH THE EGLINTON: SIR WILLIAM STUART-MENTETH AND HIS CHILDREN

Snapped when this famous Scottish pack met last week near Ayr. Sir William Stuart-Menteth's seat is Mansfield House, New Cumnock, Ayrshire

which means "to lead," Tactics from a Latin one which means "to touch."

The best strategic dispositions do not always result in the tactical success desired as a component part of the main strategical conception. There's many a chap who has managed to get the best spot at an awkward fence all to himself, and has then left the plate, dish, or farm and cut what is called, facetiously as I have always thought, a "voluntary." As a matter of fact it is almost invariably the most involuntary thing in the hapless person's scheme of general behaviour and deportment. I hope that going back to the class-room in this manner will be forgiven, but it would make that Far-Eastern Picture in the Fire easier to understand if the people who paint it for us used the correct technical expressions. Clausewitz being pre-Victorian, and therefore pre-Adamite according to the Modern, and also one of the text-books of the Victorian soldier, probably is not known in these times when only Schönberg and people like him are supposed to know anything about music; but Clausewitz might be helpful to anyone who has got to know anything for an exam. It is only the weapon which changes—and that not to a very great extent; the principles of strategy are unalterable. Clausewitz used to be considered quite an authority. Probably the Japanese strategical plan was quite full of holes—and also it may be that the first operation by their tanks was carried out in a slipshod manner; that however is their funeral, not ours. All that we want is not to hear a purely tactical operation wrongly described.



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BARCLAY'S LAGER



Miss **MERCIA SWINBURNE**

now playing a leading part in "Important People" at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, *writes*:-

"THE excitement of a new comedy like 'Important People' is shared by the actors as well as the audience. The adventures and the thrills of the heroine's part, night after night, are enough to tax the nerves of the most redoubtable person. This is where Phosferine helps me. It is a great thing to be able to rely on its soothing effect, and feel that it will help me to keep fit throughout the most strenuous of performances."

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has for thirty years set a standard of comfort which has never been equalled. It is to-day the overlay mattress which is used in the best appointed homes and hotels, and the great luxury liners. Place the "Vi-Spring" on the Vibase Mattress Support and you have the World's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The **VIBASE** MATTRESS SUPPORT

is finely upholstered and is equal in durability and appearance to the best supports of the Box spring type, yet sells at practically the same price as the best un-upholstered supports. Covered in any of the handsome ticks to correspond with the "Vi-Spring."

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson

MISS EVADNE FLOWER

The only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Flower, who is engaged to Mr. Robert Cyril Longson, who is the elder son of the late Mr. Alfred Allen Longson and Mrs. Washington Singer

This Month.

Captain Bernays, M.C., and Miss Child are being married very quietly on March 12 at Cobham Church, Surrey; the marriage between Mr. John H. Heyman and Miss Betty Sandiland is to take place quietly at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on the 19th; the 29th is the date fixed for the wedding of Lieutenant J. S. H. Lawrence, R.N., and Miss Adela Standish, which will be at St. Andrew's, Owslebury, Hants; and on the 31st Mr. John L. R. Blunt marries Miss Heather Harrison-Broadley in London.

Next Month.

On April 2, Mr. Edward Murray Leahey and Miss Margaret Mary Hose are being married at Knaphill; and on the 19th there will be the marriage of Mr. Beresford-Peirse and Miss Margaret Grant, which will take place at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.

Marrying Abroad.

The marriage will take place shortly at Bombay between Major W. St. John Carpendale, 1st K.G.O. Gurkha Rifles, the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Carpendale of 10, Park Hill, Ealing, and Miss Janette Campbell Finlay, the second daughter of the late Mr. D. C. Finlay and of Mrs. Finlay of Biniemyre, Galashiels.

Recently Engaged.

Captain William Walter Linney, Indian Army. Ordnance Corps, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Linney of Gosport,

Hants, and Miss Gwladys May Morris, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morris of Penarth, Glamorgan; Major John Alfred Lyall Deane, Royal Artillery, the second son of the late Colonel Andrew Deane and Mrs. Deane, and Miss Margaret Elizabeth Lauriston Lewis, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston Lewis of Templecombe, Somerset: Mr. H. B. Stallard, F.R.C.S., of 106, Harley Street, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stallard of Boscombe, and Miss Gwyneth Constance Page, the younger daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. F. G. J. Page, the Master's Lodge, Lord Leicester's Hospital, Warwick; Mr. Ernest Geoffrey Johnson, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wardle Johnson of Kirbyde, Colwyn Bay, and Miss Kathleen Winifred Hickman, the second daughter of the late Mr. Bernard Hickman and Mrs. Hickman, late of Goldthorn Court, Wolverhampton, now of the Little Manor, Trysull, Wolverhampton.



THE SMITH-MACPHERSON WEDDING IN NAGPUR

This group was taken after the marriage of Mr. L. W. Smith, Superintendent Government Cattle Farm, Hissar, and Miss Margaret Macpherson, who is a niece of H.E. Sir Montagu Butler, Governor of Central Provinces. The wedding took place at Government House, Nagpur. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Captain Kelly, Miss Butler, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Smith, Captain Hunt, Mrs. Partal, Mr. R. A. Butler. Front row—Mrs. R. A. Butler, H.E. Sir Montagu Butler, Lady Butler and Archdeacon Roberts

...but this is positively
marvellous

"I had no idea greyhound racing was like this—how perfectly thrilling!"

"Well, you said you wanted to do something different—so I fixed this up. What's your fancy? Have your soup while it's nice and hot, then look down the card."

"George, this is great! It's just like a club."

"Well, it is a club—why not join? Drop a line to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City."





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Very light, supple, without bones or lacing, a Belt made by J. Roussel, the master corsetier of Paris, is slipped on in a few seconds, fits your body like a glove, adapts itself to every movement, moulds the figure to beautiful line—slims you, and keeps the body young.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The writer of these notes has been interested in shows and dogs of all breeds for many years, and a visit to the "Any Variety not otherwise scheduled" class at Cruft's produced reflections on the many breeds which have been "tried out" in these classes. Some came and conquered and now have championship status of their own, others "fretted their brief hour on the stage" and passed into oblivion, others still maintain a precarious existence. Prominent among those who have passed are the magnificent Pyrenean Mountain dogs formerly exhibited at our shows by Lady Sybil Grant. One wonders if there are any of their descendants left in this country; also why these beautiful dogs did not "catch on," as they seemed to have everything to recommend them. Others exhibited at some time are dogues de Bordeaux, Chihuahuas, Mexican hairless dogs, wolfspitzes, boxers, and in later days Rhodesian ridgebacks. Mrs. McLaren Morrison remains faithful to the charming Lhasa terrier which she has supported for so many

years, while Mrs. Greig benched varieties in Tibetan spaniels and Tibetan terriers.



Ralph Robinson

CH. SISTER BEAR

The property of Mrs. Comerford



DUODECIMUS OF CAEFELL
The property of Mrs. C. G. Salinger

One of the features of shows lately has been the increased interest taken in the Dalmatian. Far from being discouraged by the departure of carriages, the carriage dog has taken a fresh lease of life. Well-filled classes at all shows and interested spectators attest his popularity. He is a striking, handsome dog and is well worthy of his present place. Mrs. Salinger sends a picture of her good young dog Duodecimus of Caefell. He is a dog of good type, nicely marked.

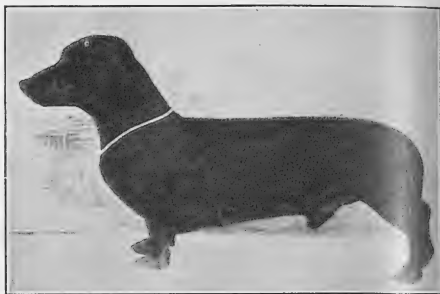
The schipperke, as his name denotes and we all know, originally came from Belgium, where his occupation

Essex," she also has some smooth black and tan bitches for sale cheap to make room, and some red dogs, all four months old. Quite recently Miss Hay sent a wire dachshund by air to Egypt, and another to America.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

was watchdog on the Flemish canal barges. He is a most lively, cheerful, perky little dog, a first-class house dog, and devoted to those he knows, also—given the opportunity—he is an excellent ratter. A good schipperke with its coal-black coat and bright eyes is a most attractive dog. Mrs. Comerford sends a photograph of her well-known Champion Sister Bear—who has won thirty first prizes and three certificates. In the report of the K. C. Show in the "Kennel Gazette" of October, 1931, the Judge describes Sister Bear as "a glorious bitch, full of quality from stem to stern."

Some breeds maintain a steady level of popularity; they are not affected by fashion, they are always popular. One of these breeds is the dachshund, and in his case the reason is clear. He is a very intelligent, adaptable dog, not at all delicate, and his short coat brings in no dirt, and also being dark leaves no tell-tale hairs about. The dachshund's popularity as a house dog has rather obscured his other characteristic, his extreme sportiness. Miss Hay sends a picture of her good dog Kimpton Bedwyn, a black and tan, who is at stud; he has won at all the leading shows, and was reserve to the best of sex at Birmingham in December. Miss Hay has smooth and wire dachshunds of various ages for sale, including a young wire dog who won two firsts at the K. C. Show and a second at the "Met. and



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The property of Miss Hay

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(Golden Cat)

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Established nearly a century. Ltd.
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Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 414)

that the chassis, besides, is deserving of unusual commendation, for the engine is of the overhead-valve overhead-camshaft variety (rated at 8.9-h.p., but giving upwards of 25-b.h.p.), while the gear-box is a four-speeder with the Hilo silent third. The tank is at the back, and there is an electric petrol gauge. For those who can afford a little more there is an intriguing special edition of the new Nine at £185, and a very good looker it is, with its hand-made body of characteristic lines, its bi-colour scheme, and its striking radiator and wings. There is much that is quite original about this *tout ensemble*, and I was glad to hear my own pleased opinion of it endorsed on all sides. It only goes to prove that you can have dignity and shapeliness in something that is initially inexpensive, and cheap to run into the bargain.

Hot Stuff.

Now for another new thing from the City of the Three Spires and Lady Godiva. This time a Triumph. The latest introduction is a very natty and snappy sports model of the open four-seater variety, which has been developed upon the 9-h.p. chassis, and is to be known as the Southern Cross. Features of the mechanism are an engine with overhead inlets and side-by-side exhausts which will gaily "revv" up to a road speed of about 70 m.p.h., a 4-speed gear-box, and hydraulic



MR. ARTHUR CORNWALLIS AND
MRS. THEODORE-LLOYD

At a recent steeplechase meeting, where looking on has not been exactly pleasant owing to the icy blasts from Iceland and other places, which appear to dump all their bad weather upon even our "protected" shores

brakes. Considering that the wheel-base is only 7 ft. 9 in., the body-work is a very clever piece of design, for, whilst it does hold four people, it has very little overhang, in spite of the fact that there is a capacious luggage compartment behind the back seats. These, by the way, are fitted with a neat and tight-fitting waterproof cover, tucking snugly into the hood bag, and thus making everything trim and streamline when the car is used as a two-seater. Still further to reduce windage when "flat out" work is to be done, the windscreen can be folded down forwards on to the scuttle which, incidentally, is only a few inches below the level of the front passengers' eyes but does not in the least interfere with their vision. I judge that there is a large number of sporting motorists to whom the Southern Cross will come as something for which they have long been waiting, nor will it sting them in their pockets, for the price, all on, is the modest figure of £225—an obvious example of excellent value for money.

A Kent Fixture.

Those who inhabit the south-east corner of England and want to see a very comprehensive and up-to-date motor exhibition free, gratis, and for nothing, are hereby reminded that the Maidstone show, organized by Rootes, Ltd., will this year be held from March 14 to 19. This has now become a well-established annual event—if my memory serves me aright I must have been to at least ten of them—and it is well worth travelling some distance to see, for it is much more a Spring Olympia on a reduced scale than the usual "one-firm" affair.

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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS



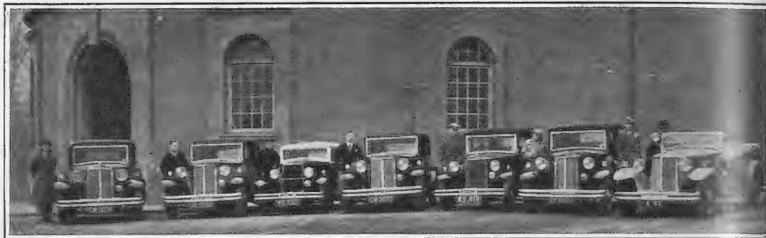
TRIUMPH SUPER-NINE "SOUTHERN CROSS" SPORTS FOUR-SEATER

A very smart new sports car, known as the "Southern Cross," of which we give an illustration herewith, has been introduced by the Triumph Motor Company. The engine is a 9-h.p. o.h.v. 4-cylinder of the type used in the well-known Super Nine car, with a rating of 8.9-h.p., and tax of £9. The chassis is longer than that of the 9-h.p. saloon, the wheel-base being 7 ft. 8½ in. This allows four adults to be carried in comfort. The wind-screen can be folded forward when not required, and two wind-screen wipers are provided. An Ashby spring steering-wheel is fitted, and other items of the specification are hydraulic brakes, a 4-speed gear-box, semi-elliptic springs all round, and a 9-gallon rear-mounted tank. It is stated that the car is capable of speeds approaching 70 m.p.h., and that, in effect, it has the performance of most cars with an annual tax of £12 or more. The price is £225.

Sir George Beharrell, managing director of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., sent the following cable to Sir Malcolm Campbell at Daytona

Beach on the morning of the announcement that the world's land speed motoring record had been broken: "Heartiest congratulations on your successful attempt to raise world's record yesterday. Mr. Healey, staff, and workers at Fort Dunlop, who have given time and thought in production of the tyres used, join me in this message. Your remarkable performance undoubtedly demonstrates the supremacy of British products and British skill. Good luck."

Easter generally opens the touring season, and with a view of helping motorists to make ready their cars the Automobile Association has prepared a concise statement covering various points which demand attention before the car, which may have been stored during the winter months, can be ready for the road. Copies of this statement can be obtained on application to any A.A. office. These notes are intended to guide those owners whose machines have been stored for the winter, and it is presumed that at the time the car was put away reasonable steps were taken for the prevention of damage, such as jacking up the axles, greasing the bright parts, and lubricating the various necessary points throughout the chassis. If this was done, apart from careful cleaning, draining the engine sump and replenishing, very little attention should be required to put the car on the road. The association's engineers at head office (Fannum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1) and branches will gladly advise members in connection with any particular problem upon request.



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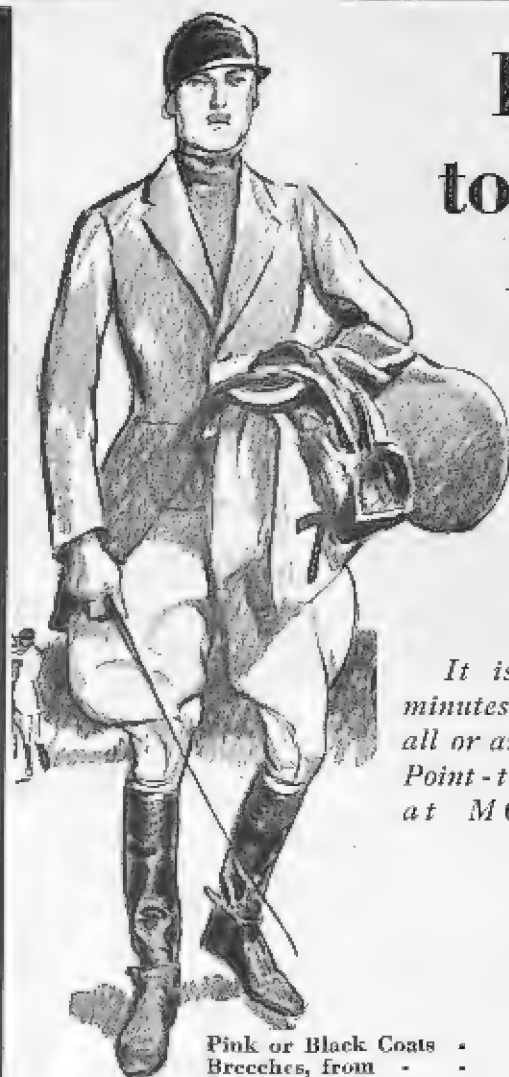
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AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

A New Kind of Air Race.

HESTON Air Park is organizing a new kind of air race which, according to the present arrangements, will take place on May 21. It will be a £50 trophy given by the "Morning Post" with a £25 replica to be kept by the winner, and the particular point of the race, wherein it differs from all previous civil air contests, is that it is a navigation race.

The rules have not yet been fixed, but the general idea will be to give the competitors a number of points marked on the map and then to let them find those points in their aircraft as quickly as they can. The aircraft will be handicapped on performance and must be civil machines. There may be special arrangements for placing comparative novices on a level with men who hold "B" licences or are in the Service but who have gained much experience in the R.A.F.

Certainly the race could not be in better hands than those of the directors of Heston, with Captain Ferguson assisting in the formulation of the rules. Captain Ferguson established his School of Navigation at Heston some time ago, and its popularity is proof of the increasing interest in the purely travel side of private flying as against the "roundabout" side. Aerodrome flying has its limitations, and everything that helps to make amateur pilots use their aircraft for getting about must be welcomed. I shall give further details of the race in a subsequent issue.

An Air Ambassador.

In various parts of the world there are men who spend a great deal of their time in spreading the gospel of aviation. They are those who have grasped the true import of air travel and who have the vision to see that it must become one of the most important factors in shaping the civilizations of the future.

Among such ambassadors of the air is Mr. Jack Shand, who has done so much for advancing the cause of aviation in Egypt. Himself a thoroughly competent pilot—his Puss Moth must have been accumulating many flying hours lately—he has largely been responsible for the successful progress made by the Aero Club of Egypt, which was formed in 1929.

Probably Mr. Shand first gained the confidence of the British and European population in Cairo mainly through his knowledge of horses. He is, as a matter of fact, a judge at the races. But, as I look at it, it is his enthusiasm for flying that really matters. It is not too much to say that he has been the chief cause of the awakening of public appreciation of the advantages of air travel that is now taking place in Egypt. He deserves the thanks of all who are anxious to see flying play the fullest possible part in bringing back prosperity.

Air Books.

Two air books recently sent me deserve special mention; one deals with people, the other with machines, and the names of them are: "Who's Who in British Aviation," edited by T. S. Sprigg and A. J. Thompson, and "British Aviation Illustrated," by C. A. Sims.

"Who's Who in British Aviation" is now much larger and more complete than former editions, and is an extremely useful reference book. The list of noteworthy flights made during the year is a new feature and a good one. The complete list with addresses of firms concerned in aircraft and aero-engine accessories and associated businesses is also new and well worth inclusion.

In the main body of the book there are still a few well-known names missing, but the number is now so small as to be almost negligible. And those who, after they have done great deeds in flying, find themselves travestied by the paragraphists, must thank only themselves if they have failed to give the editors of this book the information they want.

"British Aviation Illustrated" is mainly a book of pictures of flying and flying machines. It is avowedly an elementary survey of the subject, and as such it succeeds in giving a quick summary of the position. Some of the pictures, notably that of No. 43 Fighter Squadron, are particularly good.

A Short Cut.

A short time ago one of the Handley-Page forty-two air liners, *The Hengist*, landed at Heston Airport with a number of passengers. The pilot, Captain Rogers, was flying from Paris, and was told by wireless that Croydon was covered in fog with a visibility of only 40 yards. He was also told that the visibility at Heston was 1,000 yards. He therefore altered course for Heston. Although the authorities at Heston had only short notice, Customs was cleared in ten minutes, and motor transport was provided to take the passengers to London after they had had refreshments.

By using Heston the passengers arrived in London almost as soon as if they had used Croydon, and they were saved the dismal wait at Peas-hurst and the drive of over an hour to London which was the alternative. It seems likely that Heston will be much used in this way in the future when Croydon is submerged in fog. It is better, so far as the passengers' convenience is concerned, than any landing ground.

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for £5 to restore a nice-looking girl of twenty-three to full health again. She held a good post as assistant matron in a boys' preparatory school until her health broke down. She has had to undergo an operation for internal abscesses, and her legs are badly poisoned. She is now at home under the care of a doctor and the district nurse. She and her two young brothers are supporting their mother, for the home is a sad one. The father suddenly left them all many years ago to earn a living in Australia, and he has never been heard of since. The mother worked hard to bring up the children; the boys have begun to earn, and the girl is very highly thought of at the school where she was employed. They are ready to take her back as soon as she is fit for work. £5 is urgently needed to supply extra food and special medicines to complete her convalescence.

The Boat Race Eve Ball takes place this year on Friday, March 18, at Claridge's where economy rates have been granted to the tune of a guinea a ticket, including a buffet supper. For several years this ball was held on Empire Eve, but last year the date was changed to Boat Race Eve to enable Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates to attend in numbers. It is one of the few dances in London with a men's executive, Sir Harry Brittain having been the chairman on each occasion and Lord Hawke the treasurer. A committee of Blues was set up at both Oxford and Cambridge, and the two 'varsity' committees this year are working hard for the success of this very popular ball. Tickets of Ball Secretary, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.



GREAT EIGHT GOLF CIRCLE SPRING MEETING AT ADDINGTON PALACE GOLF CLUB

This meeting—a medal round for the "John Rowley" Challenge Cup—presented by Mr. John Rowley, a director of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., was played over the Addington links by kind permission of the club. The contest was won by Captain G. A. Young, and the Bogey Foursomes were won by Mr. Charles Graves and Mr. A. Russell. Addington was the country home of the Archbishop of Canterbury from 1807 to 1896, and was started by Alderman Trecothick in 1772, and held by tenure. The owners of the house had to produce at each coronation a dish of pottage in a yellow dish called Diligout. This was offered at the coronation of his present Majesty, but not accepted. The golf course, which is a very good one, was designed by Hawtree and Taylor

On p. 407 of this issue we publish a photograph in a group of Lady Rachel Home, but unfortunately describe her as Lady Jane Egerton; and on 405 appears a photograph of Dr. J. A. Russell Cargill, wrongly describing him Dr. J. A. Rosselle Cargill.

Mrs. Ronald Copeland, M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent, speaking recently at a luncheon given by the manufacturers of Spode china to leading members of the British china and earthenware trade, said that this British industry owed its continued existence during the last four critical years to the safeguarding that had been extended to it in 1928. Foreign potteries could not compete with the best British potteries on quality china and earthenware and could only secure sales

by price-cutting and lowering the standard of living of their work-people. Now that the new 50 per cent. tariff had been imposed upon all imported pottery except translucent china tableware (which is already protected) she looked forward to still greater prosperity for the industry, both at home and overseas.

In a photograph published in our issue of March 2 we described Marina Provatoroff as Marion Provatoroff. We wish to apologise for this error.

In the caption under the double-page in colour of the Portman Hounds by the famous Mr. Lionel Edwards, it was presumed that the gentleman hunting hounds was Mr. W. W. B. Scott, the present senior Master. We are informed that the picture, which was painted in 1929, was of Captain W. P. Browne, the late Joint Master of the Portman.

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Get and keep the correct hang to your trousers with "GENT'S OWN" BRACES, a first-class product of British workmanship. Note the clever tab adjustment which lies perfectly flat and non-curling to fit smoothly under finely tailored clothes, and also the special roller slide. Fastidious men who insist on perfection in every detail of dress accessories will find complete satisfaction in "GENT'S OWN" BRACES! Your hosier will show you a selection. From leading Hosiers and Outfitters throughout the country.

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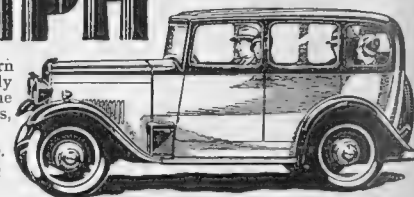


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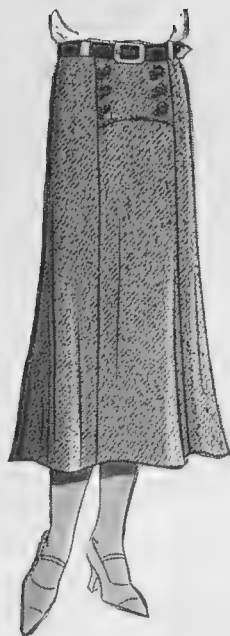
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Gorrings

Inexpensive Expressions
of the 1932

Two-Piece Suits, Cardigan Suits and Skirts

THE new materials are shown to wonderful advantage in the charming styles for Spring now being shown by Gorrings. Here are examples, the lines of which emphasise the smartness of country clothes by Gorrings.



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Flecked Tweed Sports Skirt in Heather mixtures of Beige, Brown or Blue. Also same style in Navy, Nigger or Black Panama Cloth. S.W. and W. fittings only - **20/-**

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Smart Suit made in Yorkshire Frieze with the new Corselet Skirt (as in sketch "Heather"). In new Spring colours including Purple, Rust, Banana, Brown, Green, Deep Blue, Saxe or Black. Sizes, S.W. and W. - **4 GNS**



Cromer, 4 Gns.

Cambridge, 37/6



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Models
for Spring

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Cap and Scarf Set in fine soft novelty wool in a variety of shapes and attractive new colouring, suitable for sports or formal wear. sketch is an example. **35/9**

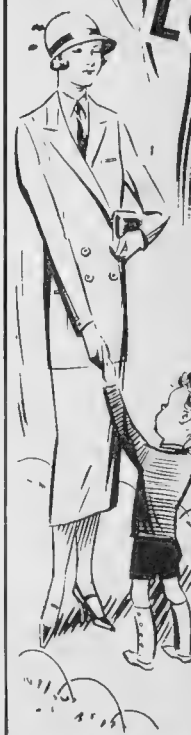


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at Prices attuned to the Times

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GENEROUS TURN-UPS are provided on all coats to allow for enlargements.
HATS and CAPS can be made to match any coat purchased.
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1.—A cleverly designed and well-tailored model in light weight Tweeds and Covert Coatings. Tweeds in new shades of Fawn and Brown as well as in plain Blue and medium Grey. To fit 3 to 8 years.

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3.—A very attractive coat tailored with a perfect fitting back. Stocked in smart Tweeds in a small check design. Also in plain Tan and Green. To fit 3 to 7 years.

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2.—A dainty model suitable for smaller boys. In Fawn, Blue and Green Tweeds. To fit 3 to 5 years.

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4.—An ideal coat for the "Little Man," smartly cut and faultlessly tailored from new season's Tweeds in Fawn, Tan, Grey and Blue. Also in Fawn Covert Coatings. To fit 3 to 8 years.

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Silks from - 42/-
Skirts to match
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Also in "Duro" Fabrics from 79/6

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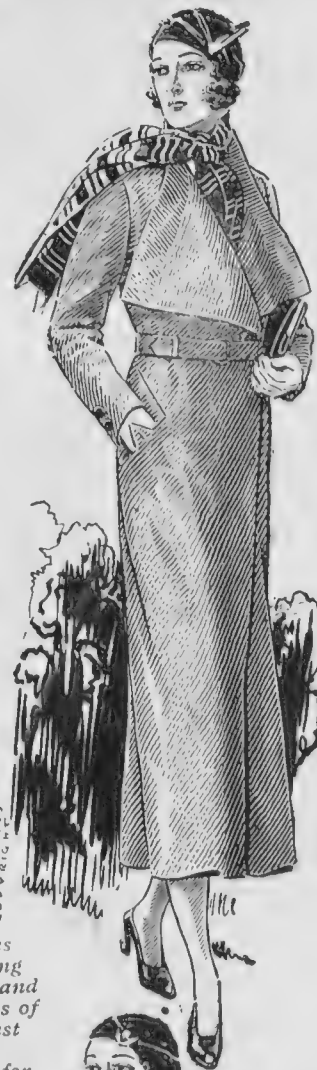
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models and
patterns of
the latest
cloths
gladly for-
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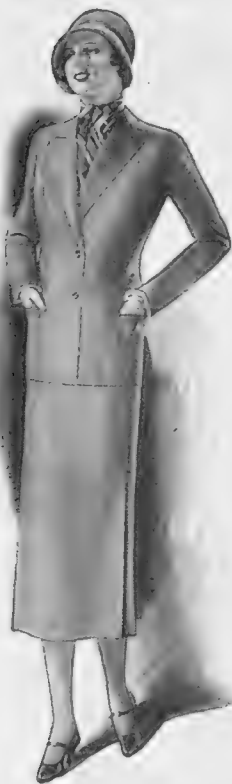
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NEW SPRING TAILOR-MADES



THE D.B. REGENT

The double-breasted tailor-made has an enormous following among well-dressed women. Illustrated it is seen carried out in fawny grey suiting with an overcheck of green, or can be made in brown with brick coloured check lines. The coat features the higher buttoning which prevails this Season, and the skirt has the new broad box-pleated front. This design also looks well in soft grey, moonlight blue, or emerald green.

Ready-to-wear

£7 : 17 : 6

Made to measure from £8 : 18 : 6

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In Tweeds and Fleece - £7 : 7 : 0

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Made also in Durward's new fleecy cloth in several colours.

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THE S.B. REGENT

Checks play an important part in fashion's scheme this year. Here is a single-breasted coat which manifests the attractions of a small broken check design in Scotch Saxony. Fine Saxories and plain woollens are ideal materials for this model, the latter fabrics making up well in bright colourings. The slim hip line and skirt in which one large pleat gives the appearance of a wide wrap are points of interest.

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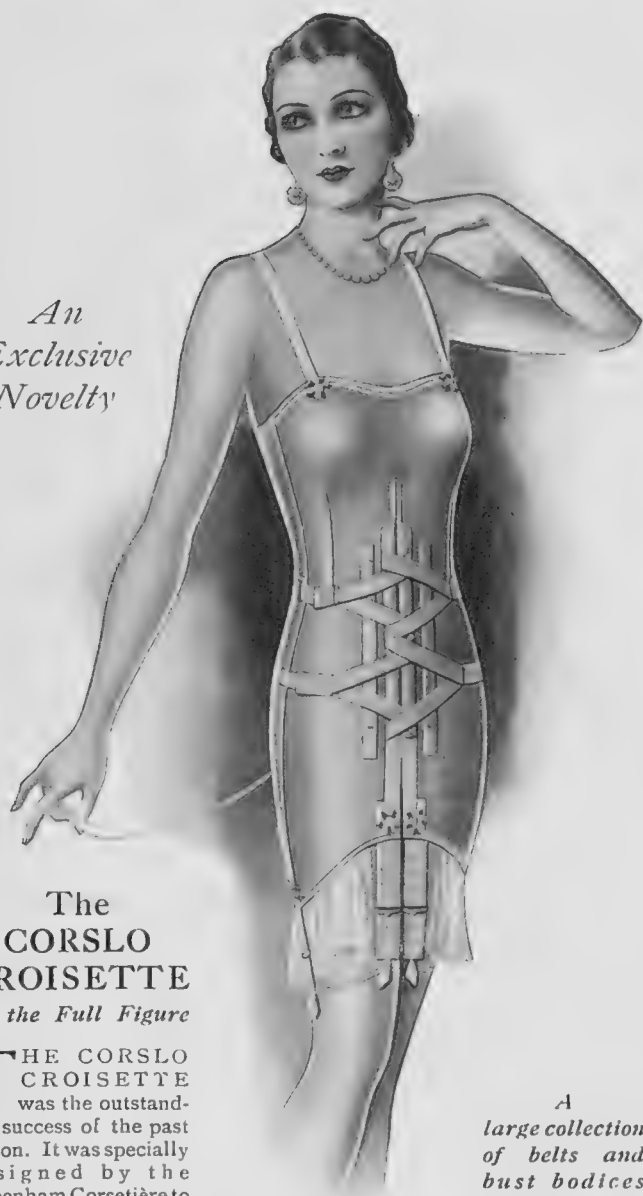
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ALL SIZES

HAT to match, 12/9

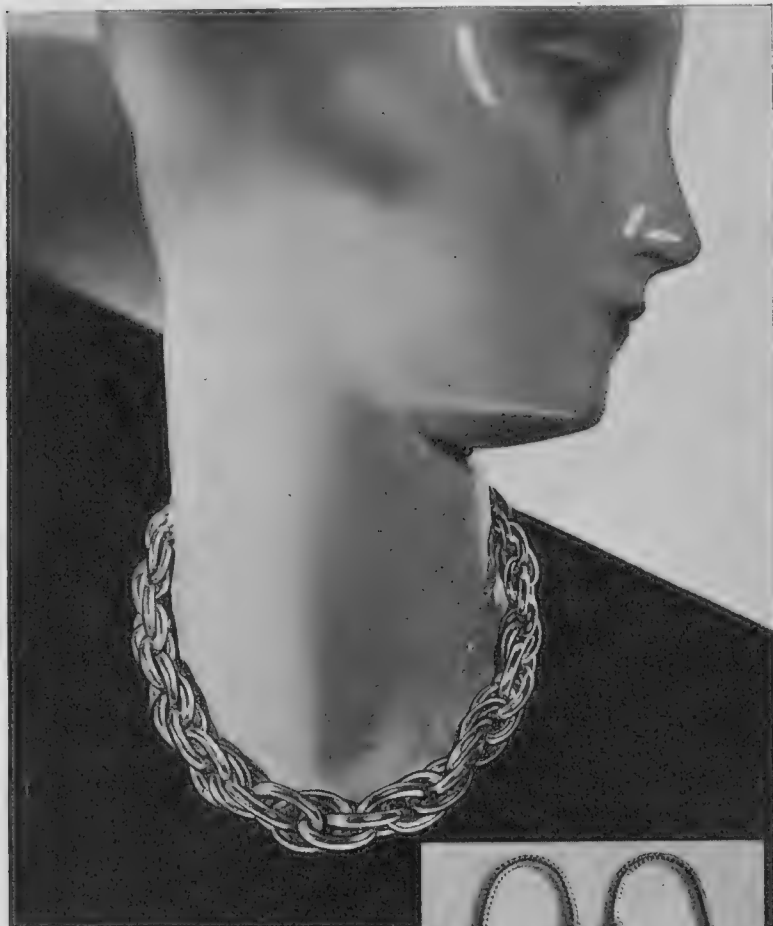
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Chromium and Gilt Cable Choker, very smart with Wool Frocks. (FJ 87) **6/6**

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(Above)
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(Left)
Lovely two-colour Choker, with Chromium Rondels alternating with gay Beads. In Nasturtium/Brown, Black/White, Red/Black, Blue/White. (FJ 90) **9/6**

Bracelet to match, 5/6



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designed and
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WORKROOMS

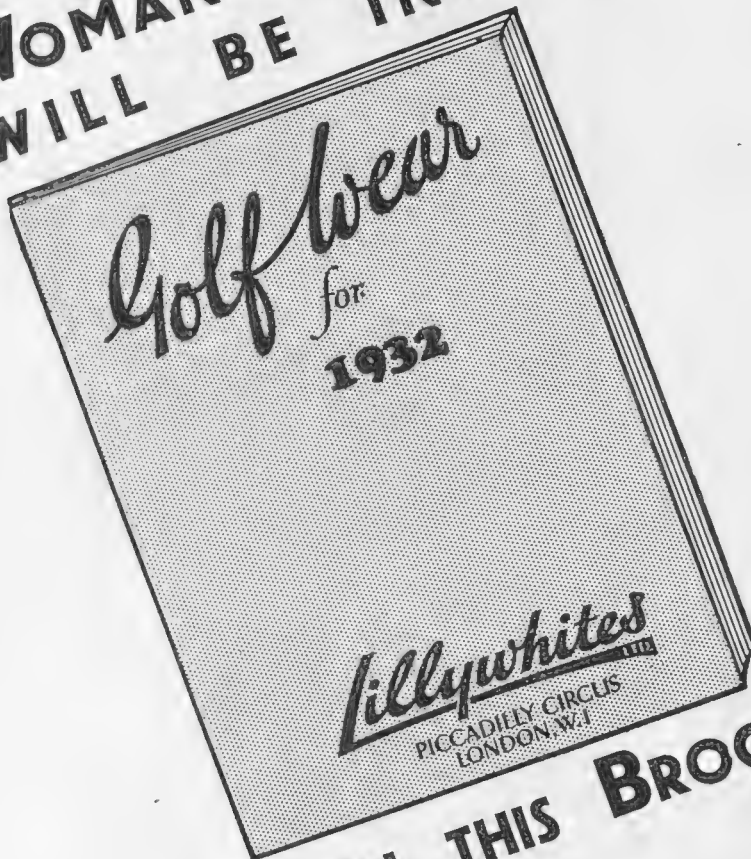
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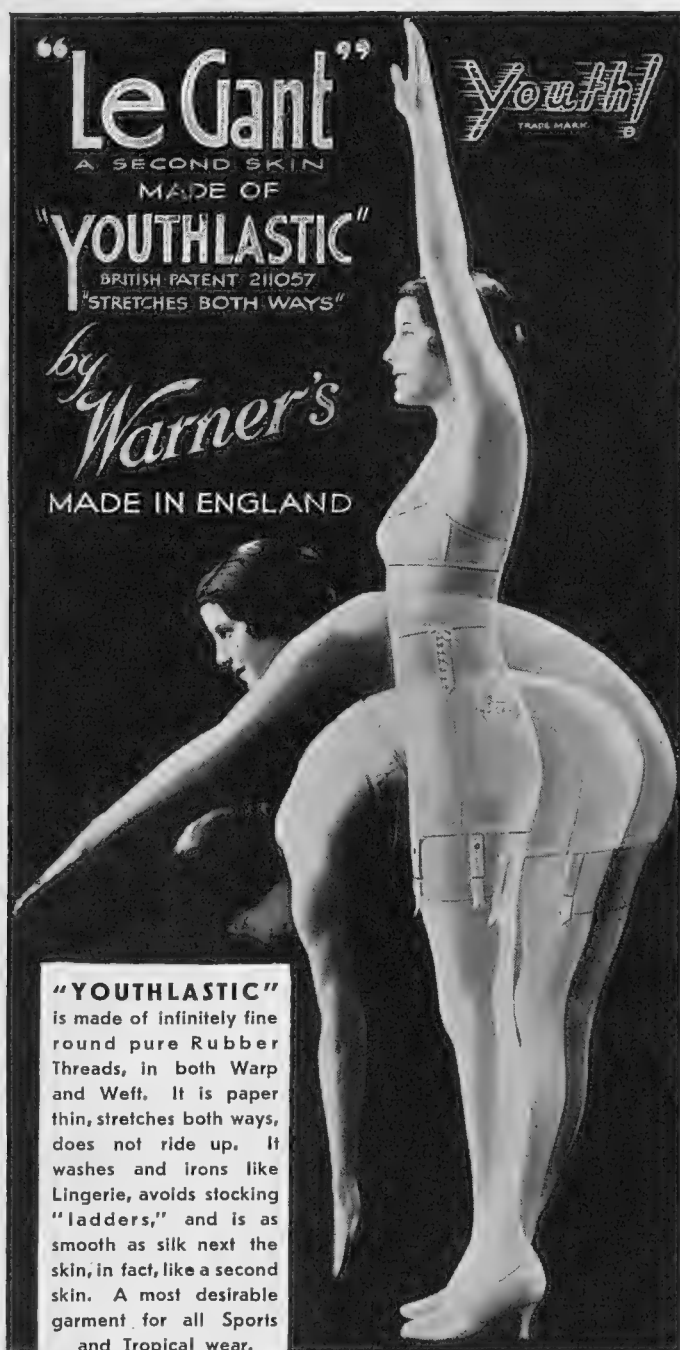
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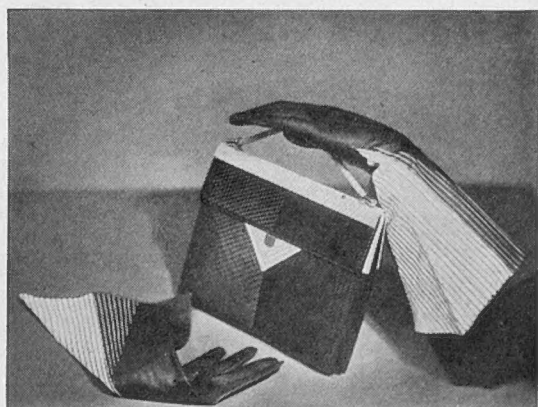
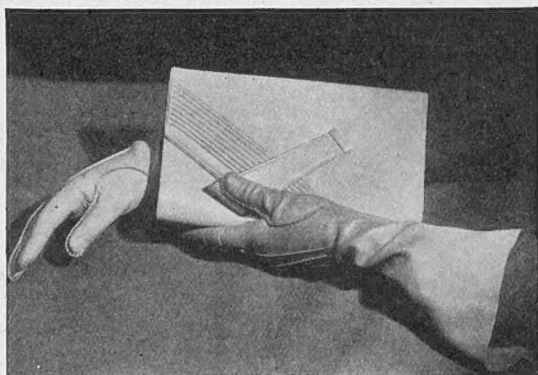
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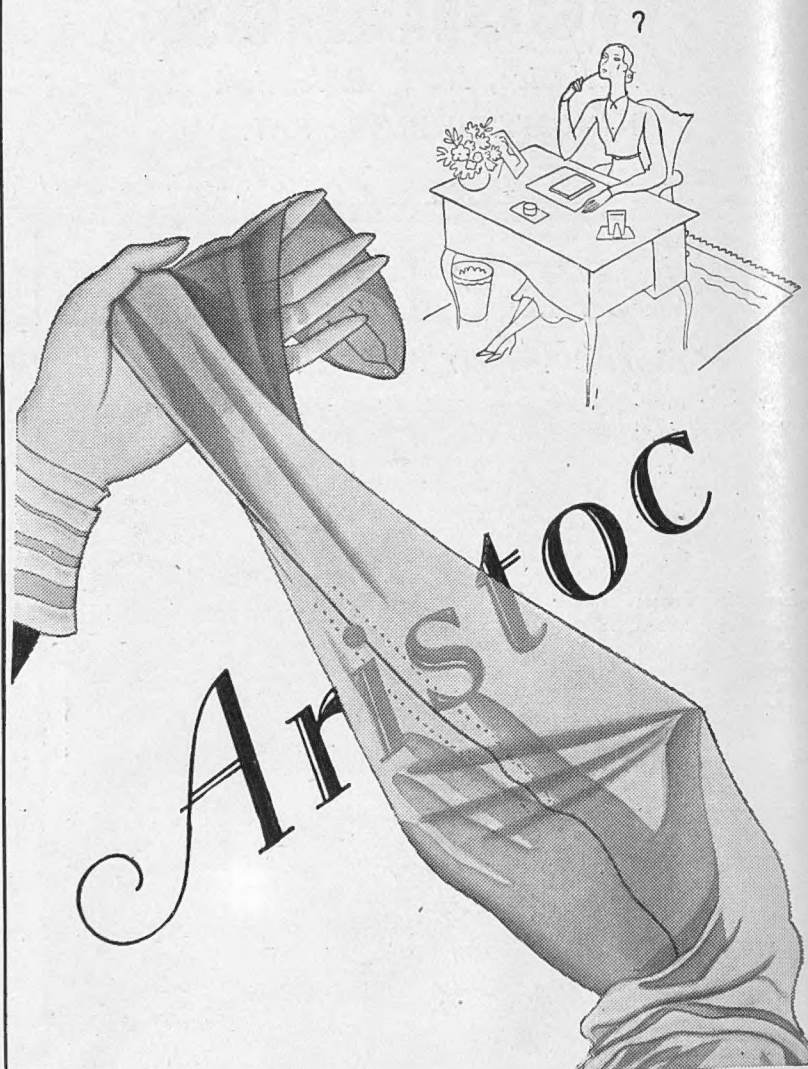
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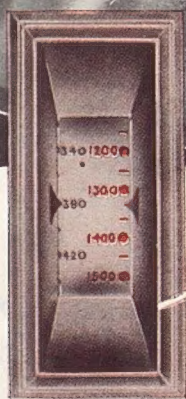
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